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HISTORIETTES.

HISTORIETTES,
OR
TALES
OF
CONTINENTAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE
FALL OF BERN.

VOL. II.

B



INTRODUCTION.

Cross what frontier you will and let the barrier stream or boundary divide realms of whatever extent, nationality, or might,—be it the Bidassoa self, or Calais strait, the kingdoms on each side separated by rivalry, by war, and hereditary hate, no more wide difference or contrast will appear betwixt the two countries, than will strike the traveller, who simply passes from the Swiss Canton of the Vaud, into that of the Vallais. The Rhone, it is true, divides them, the “arrowy Rhone,” even in the cleft, where Childe Harold witnessed the most fearful bursts of that thunderstorm, which he has immortalized, and in old

times no doubt influenced the moral separation, as it still effects the physical division between the two Cantons. But religion, a more impassable obstacle than the mountain stream, has in modern times held, and still holds the pass. The Vallaisans are of the Catholic, the Vaudois of the reformed persuasion, and this, in many ways manifest to the traveller, is declared to him by the famed convent of St. Meurice, which, as a kind of fortified place on the frontier of the Vallais, seems to have been erected to resist the preaching incursions of the heretic people of the Vaud.

No path in nature is so delicious as that which passes over this enchanted ground, from Lausanne east to Vevay by the banks of the Lemane, through luxuriant vineyards clambering up the sides of hills green to their summit, towns, enclosures, cultivation, wealth, and rural beauty, marking the favoured space around—whilst on the opposite bank of the lake, rise, in rude contrast, a range of the higher

Alps, their dark rocky bases frowning on the brink, and towering up to its lofty summits, where the snow rests, here in dazzling heaps, there thin and fretted, covering the rough granite, like a delicate veil. Forget not, that the rocks are those of Meillerie, and that on the milder and more lovely shore, the village of Clarens hangs upon the steep, its cottages and elms mingled and straggling up the course of a little stream, which marks the angle, where the higher Alps unite with the lesser line of the Jura. There is the spirit of Rousseau enshrined, there did he breathe life into Julie and St. Preux, and with the same breath gave immortality to himself—elsewhere he is the sensualist, the madman, the egotist, the wretched politician, the worse moralist—but in Clarens he is at home—the “Child of Nature,” in her loveliest scene—the Rousseau, not of the Confessions, but of the *Heloise*.

Here too have the “sandal-shoon” of Harold

left their trace. They scarcely want even time to hallow them, so apart from every day life, so removed from the vulgar *present* seemed they. Here stands Chillon on the brink, looking forth with its little conical crowned turrets up the lake. No shrine of the days of martyrdom can boast more pilgrims than Bonnivard's dungeon-floor.

But a thousand pens have revelled in this picturesque ere mine. A few hours' further wandering by the Leman's brink, and, when the lake is left behind, by the course of the turbid Rhone, conducting to the extremity of the Vaud, and to the bridge of St. Meurice, which unites it to the Catholic Vallais. Never shall I forget the impression first made upon me in passing that barrier. I had entered Switzerland by the Jura and Geneva, had seen of it as yet, but the rich and cultivated Vaud; the neatness and beauty of its inhabitants, the picturesque of their costume, their courteousness of manner and purity of language, be-

speaking education, had been considered by me as a sample of the favoured region of Switzerland. I looked for no less and no other amidst the romantic Alps. And my astonishment on first entering the Vallais was as painful as it was great. Beings and habitations so squalid, so wretched, so debased and debased, never did my eyes behold. Instead of the graceful straw hat shading the lovely features of the *paysanne* of the Vaud, here were hard-favoured, masculine *poissardes*, with men's hats appropriately covering their unkempt locks—garments of dingy blue made them resemble their sister mountaineers of Wales, but wild neatness was not here—the village street was Irish to the last extremity in filth and neglect—and to complete the disgust of beholders, the *goitre*, in the Vaud scarcely ever beheld, hung here in flourishing enormity from the necks of far more than every second female. Here too was the hideous *Cretin*—but enough of such description.

“What can be the reason of this difference?” did I naturally ask myself. And lo! an answer made its appearance in the shape of a sturdy mendicant friar, who in his brown gown and cord cincture, stalked to my side, and stood to demand alms. It was the first specimen of the animal I had ever beheld, and I certainly had not stared at a Calmuck or an Atheist with more curiosity. He received his pittance, and stalked away with it towards his convent, my eye following him, and when it had lost all view, the image of the Franciscan friar, the first friar it had ever beheld, continued to haunt its vision.

Onward I still wended, musing, moralizing ; and so, thought I, Catholicism can alone make all this difference. I was prepared to distrust, to suspect it, but to find it thus a blight upon mind and person, is more than my past prejudice could have supposed. Yonder smiled the Protestant Canton in wealth, content, and beauty, its natural soil a shingly, bar-

ren steep, a narrow shore. Yet freedom and industry hath so wrought up its sterility, that one solitary vineyard within its precincts were worth a mighty tract of this rich and neglected vale, "o'er which yon convent rules." Forthwith, set I, anathematizing monks and monkery, and even went so far in my enthusiastic wishes, as to shake once more the Pontiff from his leaden throne. There is no task more grateful to the fancy, than that of uprooting thrones, and setting right the wrong. I plunged at once into the day-dream; and my steps quickened with each blow I struck to right the injured and set at liberty the enslaved. The scene, degraded as it looked in its sublimity from the abject wretchedness of its inhabitants, was but too appropriate for such fantasies, and warmer still waxed I in my mood. How my gathering zeal would have ended, whether in an indignant sonnet, or in a planned conspiracy against his Holiness, Pope Pius, I was not allowed to determine.

For in the very midst of my dream, from all my ardent cogitations, I was awakened by a burst of obstreperous gaiety not far behind. I felt in the first moment indignant at the interruption,

“ Angry at first that they had dared t' intrude
Upon the empire of my solitude—
Strange dreams of pride have men in lonely mood.”

But as the merry sounds approached, borne on in several *char-a-banes*, I recognized neither unknown nor unfriendly voices. They hailed me. The spell of fancy was irrevocably broken, and I felt that it would be best replaced by that of society and conversation.

I instantly therefore became one of the merry company, who, it seemed, were bound to visit a celebrated waterfall of those regions, known to all travellers by its name of indecorous notoriety, and straight found myself seated by the side of a learned professor of the capital of the Pays de Vaud. Although my imagination, fabric, and speculations, had been dissi-

pated, the foundation of them, the key-thought still remained—the image of the monk was present to me, his convent, and the wretchedness of the surrounding country and population. I noticed it to my companion, who smiled, and observed, that every English traveller he had ever met, had made the same observation. “All,” said I, “no doubt assigning the same cause, the blighting influence of that moral Upas, Popery.”

“True,” replied he, “that indeed was their brief and ready way of accounting for what they beheld. And many, moreover, likened the scene, the cause and its effects, to a country neighbouring and dependent on their own.”

“Ireland.”

“The same. And I helped them still farther with their comparison, though I marred somewhat the fulness of their sweeping conclusions against Popery, by informing them, that this part of the Canton, or the *Bas*

Vallais, as it is called, was long subject to the *Haut Vallais*, or upper part of the Valley, where though Catholicism reigns, yet wealth and comfort prevail beneath its sway, and are found there, as elsewhere, not incompatible with the existence of superstition."

"Want of independence, especially in a land where all around were free, must have helped to weigh these poor wretches down. But still," urged I, "your liberal excuses for Popery will not hold. Were not the *Vaudois* also dependent, and upon a jurisdiction more aristocratic and more removed from them, upon that of Berne? and still they prospered."

"They were refugees," rejoined the professor, "and the first settlers bequeathed to their offspring the industry, by which alone strangers can thrive in a foreign land. It is curious," continued he, "that it is with men, as with plants, remove them to a strange soil, provided its nature and temperature be not too foreign to their habits, and they thrive, take

root stronger, put forth healthier shoots, and outlive all the weaker and more ancient possessors of the soil. All indigenous races have been conquered, and none were conquerors till they emigrated. Even royal races run to seed, and want renewal."

This was a digression, which however ingenious, I was too much possessed by the friar that I had beheld, and all the ideas attendant on such a personage, to permit myself to be led astray by it. I, therefore, recalled the professor again and again to the topic. And he, perceiving that I was incapable of listening to any other, consented at last to lay his learning and philosophy aside, and draw from his memory anecdotes and incidents, that far more interested me. He spoke of the old convent, which he remembered in its pride, of the thousand stories relative to it, and of the old quarrels subsisting betwixt the Cantons, in which it always bore a conspicuous part. His chief recollections, however, lay

amongst the days of the French and Swiss revolution, during which he had grown up, and I soon found that I had hit upon a rich vein of fanciful ore.

Few of those men, who in France or the surrounding countries witnessed or mingled in the revolution, like to dwell upon those times. Whether from disgust at the era, or from dread of being led into imprudent talk, these are reserved on that subject, which to a stranger is most interesting. When, however, you do by chance meet with a contemporary of those times, and have either the art or the fortune to bring him to the forbidden topic, you are at once repaid by a garrulity, the greater for being seldom indulged; and you are overwhelmed with anecdote and adventure, the fearful and the wild, till attention lags, and memory can hold no more.

This was my case with the professor, who grew so immersed in his stories and taken with the interest which I displayed, that even the

visit to the famed cascade, and the gay feasting which took place thereat, did not interrupt him. The scene had no charms for either listener or narrator; and I remember our exciting universal indignation by refusing to imitate the rest of the party in running under the fall, thus evincing hardihood and earning an "*have to say*" at the expense of a ducking.

Although the scene of the subsequent tale lies for the most part removed from this immediate spot, still I have thought proper to preface it thus naturally by the very reflections, the very scene, and the very circumstances, that led to my becoming possessed of its materials. It will also prove an excuse, and I dare say, not an unwelcome one to the reader, for my sinking the first person throughout the following story, which dates somewhat farther back than my personal experience.

THE
FALL OF BERN.

CHAPTER I.

MADemoiselle D'Humières was presented at the court of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth a few days previous to that monarch's opening the *Etats Generaux*. It was to that circumstance that she owed so early a presentation, being then but fifteen, and what she never ceased to prize as an happiness, though a melancholy one, the honour of having seen the lovely and helpless Marie Antoinette. Her father, the Comte D'Humières, had resided for many years at his chateau, and amongst his possessions in Picardy, whither he had retired on some slight received at court, which he thought as little due to his birth, as to his ser-

vices. He was a soldier, who had seen Fontenoy. Once, indeed, his loyalty and love of the Bourbon blood, his old recollections, and perhaps his ambition, led him to swerve from his fixed resolutions of retirement. It was when the marriage of the young Prince with the archduchess of Austria was hailed by France as the fair forerunner of a happy reign. The Comte D'Humières came to Paris to pay his court to this future monarch; but such was the bustle of the period, and such the awkward diffidence of Louis, a quality in the great often mistaken for pride, that the old veteran returned from the little court of La Muette as neglected and mortified, as he had formerly retired from that of Louis the Fifteenth.

These slights rankled in the bosom of the old noble, and rankled the more for his retirement. The works of the philosophical writers of that day, those *avant-couriers* of the revolution, found, for these causes, a welcome place

in his library. He looked with favour and silent applause upon the popular and liberal party, and was one of those who contemplated the financial and other distresses of his country with complacency, in hopes that the excess of evil would produce a radical cure in the system. All this liberality of feeling, however, the Count found the means of reconciling with all the prejudices of his birth, his hereditary privileges, and aristocratic pride; and whilst he lamented the misery of the French people, ground down by exorbitant taxes, he not the less esteemed himself exempt by divine right from such base burdens. The rumour of the *Etats Generaux*, or States General, about to be assembled by Louis, was wafted to his ears from Paris, welcome as the "sweet South," which bore it; and the prospect of realizing, at least of giving utterance to those speculations, which had occupied his solitude, warmed the heart and once more relumed the ambition of the Comte D'Humières.

The Count was a widower with a son and daughter. The Vicomte Prosper he had himself educated, and had instilled into the youth his own variable and ill-digested mixture of aristocratic and popular principles. Indeed, this education, which the Count had resolved to conduct himself, had been a source of sore perplexity to him. For the youth, from the ardour both of his character and age, was always inclined to follow up each principle in the extreme; whilst the father and tutor, in whose mind such weighty and contradictory maxims were nicely balanced, found it extremely difficult to keep his son in the happy mean. The endeavour, not without pain, led to argument, and there the Count discovered that the taught too often turned teacher, and pressed with irresistible logic upon the system proposed to him. In the end, the pertinacity of the youth, if it did not conquer, at least emancipated itself; and young Prosper, shaking off the rein which his good parent in vain en-

deavoured to hold, ran wild through all fields of disquisition, political as well as moral, and arrived, ere he had attained the age of twenty, at the precocious conclusion, that both religion and government were, as party has been defined to be, "The madness of many for the gain of a few."

The old Count's temper was much tried by the petulancy and unruliness of his son; nay, perhaps his popular and uncourtly maxims had lost in his eyes much of their grace and value, since he had created for himself so unpleasant an example of their effects. Yet nevertheless, in despite of such momentary suffering on one part, and petulance on the other, the tie of filial and parental affection held strong, and the peace of the family was not interrupted.

In 1789, the Count was summoned to attend the *Etats Generaux* at Versailles. The summons was delightful to him: he longed to refresh his recollections of Versailles, its royal

halls, its state, and splendour. It was a fit opportunity also for introducing his son and daughter to the world, and accordingly he bade them both prepare to accompany him on his journey.

On his arrival in Paris, the Count immediately began to frequent those houses and circles, where he had hitherto been a stranger, famed for the liberality of their visitors, and of the topics of conversation which prevailed. This was the greatest source of pleasure, that perhaps he had anticipated on leaving Humières. The old noble calculated too on shining in those circles, where his age, his reflections, his rank even, an advantage not the less deferred to where it is nominally despised, could not fail, he thought, to procure him consideration and applause. But in all these anticipations he was disappointed. At first, it is true, the circumstance of his retirement having been owing to disgrace at court, shed a faint and brief *eclat* around his entry, and

first rate talents, or high views, might have kept this for him. But alas! his original inventions and speculations had become already old, his manner of putting them forth was now pedantic; religious, aristocratic, he found, that with all his self-deemed liberality, he still ranked in principle amongst the courtly faction, and that in the then scale of enlightenment and, indeed, good breeding, he was still far behind his age, and at best belonging to that insignificant class, which are neither one thing nor the other.

This was the unkindest blow of all. That the seeds of his own liberality, which with a sparing and cautious hand, as he thought, he had sown in the mind of his son, should have sprung up to o'ertop and o'ershade their parent tree, grieved and disappointed, but did not shake him. To find his child headstrong and logically disobedient was hard. But to discover that the world was blind and ungrateful, was harder still. He had reckoned upon its

applause, its consideration ; he had earned such, he thought, by retirement, reflection, by self-denial, and the abjurement of prejudice. And thus to find himself nought, even amongst that party to which he had taken a step down, was mortifying in the extreme. Some may express wonder, that a man, who had known the hollowness of courts, and experienced their ingratitude, should have built even ever so slight a fabric on the more, or at least equally, unstable foundation of a mixed crowd of society. But the weak mind (and the law of its nature is a blessing) cannot be robbed of its credulity, or forbidden to place its trust somewhere : and the imagination of such a mind is like the bird that builds beneath our eaves—destroy his habitation as oft as you will, the creature will recommence it anew.

One or two weeks were sufficient to inflict this wound on Monsieur D'Humières, and to disquiet him with the *philosophe* party. From Paris he therefore turned his eyes once more

to Versailles, whither all his old associations, save the disgrace and the slight, tended. At any other period he here would have met with nought but a fresh affront. Times, however, were now too perilous, and the future was gathering too black before the court and the party still attached to it, to permit of any convert, or any promise of support, to be overlooked. The due encouragement was held forth. And to Prosper's anger, though veiled in mirth, for since his sojourn at Paris, the youth had perfected his accomplishments by sheathing his argument in a gibe, the carriage of the Comte D'Humières took, upon a grand court and gala day, the route to Versailles. Considering the Vicomte Prosper's principles and new connexions, the Comte felt that he could not, in propriety or honour, introduce him to the august presence of his sovereign. His daughter Rosalie, however, who shrunk in true feminine delicacy from all such rude

and masculine thoughts, he determined to bring, not without an idea that her beauty and simplicity would make an impression on the queen, in whom both qualities, especially the former, were conspicuous.

Such was the period and occasion of the appearance of Rosalie D'Humières at Versailles. Of the grave, political thoughts, which occupied her father and brother, she had taken scarcely cognizance. She did not understand the arguments or the thing argued; not that she wanted either capacity or discernment, but that the understanding of the young maiden was ruled only by her heart, and refused to apply itself to aught, in which that was not interested. She had heard loyalty and disloyalty from the mouth of her father; the Bourbons and their race adored at one moment, and execrated at another. She was consequently indifferent, and though awed by the approaching ceremony, there was little

love mingled with that awe, with which she involuntarily contemplated the majesty of her sovereign.

A lovelier being, at the same time never shone in the gilded salons of Versailles,—she was so still, in despite of all that art could do to counteract the natural charms of her person and her age. Her light, sylphic figure, yet unblown into womanhood, was enwrapt, rather than clothed, in stiff and figured silk. The deformity of the hoop I need not mention. And then the barbarism with which her young locks were piled, somewhat in the shape of a pine-apple, above her head. The enormous coiffure seemed as if inflated, and bearing away the rest of the person attached to it. The shining auburn of her hair was bedimmed with powder. Rouge was even considered necessary to veil, for it could not heighten, the pure flush of her healthy cheek. In short, a more lovely little monster could not be exposed to the curious and critical eyes of the

present day. On that day not an eye beheld without an accompanying word of approval, of delight, or adoration, according as the age or character of the beholder influenced him.

Dazzled and confused by the royal magnificence of the scene, and still more by the gaze of the crowd, Rosalie with her father entered that abode of state, and soon found herself in the presence of Louis and his Queen. In despite of the circumstances of his coming, the monarch took no notice of the Comte D'Humières. The reception of the Queen was even more chilling; for Marie Antoinette was little mistress of her feelings, and like her sister of Naples, and, indeed, most of the females of her family, she was remarkable for those strong dislikes and loves, from which the males of the same house seem comparatively exempt. Her countenance, however, only held this ungracious expression whilst her eyes rested on the Count. When it passed

to his daughter, a sweet smile followed a movement of surprise; "I did not think the air of Humières so favourable to beauty," said the Queen.

"It has been deemed, your Majesty, an air both pure and noble."

"'Tis well, Sir," rejoined the Queen; "and here is a fair voucher." Somewhat softening her tone, she added, "Count, we will rob you of your daughter for a day."

And instead of allowing Rosalie to pass in the crowd, she spoke a word to Madame de Polignac, and Mademoiselle D'Humières immediately took a place amongst her Majesty's immediate attendants. The Count was about to reply, but an adroit courtier, whose office it was to spare his royal master's all waste of time and words, artfully and abruptly took the old noble aside; where the Comte D'Artois, then the chief of the aristocratic party, graciously received and welcomed the political recruit, making all the amends in his power

for the reserve of Louis, and the ill-timed taunt of his Queen.

There was a fête that evening at the Triainon; the private and select friends of the queen were alone present. For, surrounded as she was by enemies, and persecuted by calumny, which misrepresented her most innocent gaiety as crime, she was compelled gradually to narrow her circle, in order to escape the malignity of report; which, according to its wonted and most favoured custom, always grafted the lie of malice upon the circumstances of truth. That circle narrowed at last to the solitude of a prison-cell, and yet envy was not slaked, nor calumny avoided.

Rosalie D'Humières had come late to witness the gaiety and splendour of Marie Antoinette's court. The cares of political distress and probable struggles had penetrated even into the private recesses of the Triainon, and had frightened away all its buoyant and simple mirth. The coming revolution, though

its horrors and excess were totally unforeseen, still cast its gloomy shade before its coming ; and in hours of gloom a heavy presentiment hung upon each heart. Marie Antoinette, who in the early years of her reign and marriage had kept aloof from public affairs, and laudably abstained from using the influence which her fascinating charms must have given her over her husband, began now to perceive the utter weakness of his character ; a species of weakness too, which wanted even resolution and confidence sufficient to choose an able minister, on whom he might repose his cares, and to whom he might trust his fate—for so much was in jeopardy. Pertinacious in holding the reins of government, Louis would not use them. It was then that his Queen saw the necessity of her own interference, and of endeavouring to fortify so feeble a will by all the strength of her own. From the hour of her thus becoming implicated and interested in public affairs, her peace, her gaiety was

gone. Her very beauty was impaired. And to the light and gay, the chivalrous and gallant tone, which was used to prevail around her, succeeded political discussions, the jar of conflicting and petty interests, plots and parties without object, intrigues without an end—the mean reality of a modern court, in short, to all the romance and chivalry of an ancient one.

Still, however, at intervals, the Queen of the unfortunate Louis shook off the weight that pressed upon her, and inspiring the desponding court with the charms of her reviving cheerfulness, she would shine forth, be happy, and make all others around her so, for the space of a joyous evening, that recalled those of her younger days.

“What a gem for a court,” said the Queen to her friend Madame de Polignac, as she welcomed to the Triainon, with a familiarity unpractised except in those favoured precincts, the daughter of the Comte D’Humières.

“Your words,” said the favourite, “will turn the young creature’s head.”

“Nay,” said the Queen, “I must leave remembrances behind me; the kind words of the unfortunate become sacred relics, when their utterer is no more.”

Rosalie stared to hear of misfortune from such a mouth, especially when seeing it accompanied, as was almost the case, with tears. She, young, sympathetic girl, shed them truly and instantly at the words and sight, unable to resist their infection; little as she comprehended their depth or cause. Marie Antoinette embraced the artless girl, and shed tears too.

The Queen spoke truly; that embrace, those tears, that touching scene, were sacred relics, which Rosalie carried in her memory next her heart for ever after.

Her royal breast was relieved and lightened by this little occurrence, by the vent which it had afforded to its sadness; and more than

ordinary gaiety and pleasure marked the continuance of the evening. Rosalie was delighted with the noble and gallant society, with which she found herself on terms of respectful familiarity. Society, indeed, of any kind was new to her; and if she felt herself at once at ease in the highest, it was because it was the highest, and that her birth and feelings were adapted for the sphere.

Then for the first time did Rosalie hear the language of gallantry addressed to her, nor scanty was the homage she received. But if she felt amused at times, at others slightly pleased, this was at most her feeling. There was a lightness, a gaiety, a sort of universal mockery of self and others, that reigned throughout the conversation, and was so general, that it seemed alone the language of good breeding. The gallantries that some whispered in this conventional tone to the ear of Rosalie, interested her not. It was not of such she dreamed, when her young fancy had

pre-imagined the suitor and his vow. It was the only point in which the Triainon and its society disappointed her. Yet how slight was this to one surrounded with novelty, and every species of magnificent and unexpected delight. Rosalie would not have pondered on the subject, perhaps, had she not beheld in the fixed and distant glance of a young officer present, a silent homage that seemed to say more than the most spirited combinations of gaiety and sentiment.

He was evidently very young, and was present as holding some situation about the Queen, honoured no doubt, and a step to higher honours; but still it did not allow him full equality with others present. Such at least was Rosalie's reasoning; and it seemed corroborated by the circumstance, that continually as the young officer gazed, blushed with averted eyes when beheld, and displayed other, though studiously concealed signs of interest, yet dur-

ing the evening he never once approached, or made an effort to address Mademoiselle D'Humières.

Strange! Rosalie felt soon as anxious to learn the youth's name, as she had been to be able to distinguish Prince from Duke, and the distinguished personages of the assembly one from the other. But simple as she was, she felt that to ask directly, would be to expose herself to jest or suspicion.

The officer's name, however, she soon learned from accident. For as the youth was alone, shrunk retiringly into a window, he attracted the attention of the Comte D'Artois, who was at the moment engaged in conversation respecting the present troublous times. The Count interrupted the person with whom he was talking, to accost the pensive youth.

"We may need you, D'Erlach," said he,
"you and your faithful Swiss."

"It will be a proud moment for D'Erlach,"

replied the youth, kindling, "when he can serve a Bourbon, but a sorrowful one for your highness."

"Bravely said, my stripling," said the Queen.

"His gallant father spoke in him," rejoined the Count; "I would the crown of France had many such supporters as the bear of Bern, for all republican that she be."

"Come hither, D'Erlach," said the Queen.

"What years have you, boy?"

"Sixteen winters."

"Hear the hardy Swiss," said Madame de Polignac. "A Frenchman would have counted his years by summers."

"I have seen but one," rejoined young D'Erlach.

"How now, Sir, what is your riddle?" said the Queen.

"I am but one short year your Majesty's servant."

A murmur of applause burst from the circle, which most of the assembly had formed round

the Queen. In the movement and press Mademoiselle D'Humières found herself almost by the side of the present object of attention.

“Look at them both,” said her Majesty, her quick eye resting on the beautiful couple.

Rosalie blushed scarlet. And young D'Er-lach, whom neither the presence nor the question of a Queen had embarrassed, now for the first time looked the boy.

“Hush,” said the Queen, forbidding her remark to be followed up, which many a wit was about to do, and conscious of the impropriety of her speech. “We must not usurp the place, nor dictate laws to brother Cupid ; I fear, the power of us monarchs, even unlimited as for a brief space it is yet allowed to remain, does not extend into his realms.”

The Queen rose, as she spoke, and taking Rosalie aside, dispersed the gathered circle. But her words, forgotten as they speedily were by most who heard, were not to be unsaid for the two, whom they chiefly concerned. D'Er-

lach, for his part, buoyed up his young hopes with the thought, that the Queen had smiled upon the first dawnings of his early love. Rosalie had similar thoughts. The words of Marie Antoinette ever murmured in their ears. In a few gliding years her misfortunes hallowed these words, and made their memory to be as of an angel's voice.

CHAPTER II.

IN a few days after this the *Etats Generaux* were opened. Every one knows with what consequences, the preliminary debates respecting the divisibility of the chamber—the celebrated oath of the ball-court brought about by Mirabeau, the first demagogic act at once of the revolution and its leader—and subsequently the very annihilation, as it may be called, of the French noblesse, by their becoming members of one legislative assembly with the commons or *tiers etat*.

The Comte D'Humières remained firm to his late engagements, and supported with an unheard voice the aristocratic and royalist party.

Amidst all these turmoils, the gaiety, nay, almost the very existence of a court was suspended at Versailles ! Rosalie saw no more the unfortunate Queen, and only heard at intervals from young D'Erlach her increasing sorrow and distresses. In a little time the royal family were led captive to Paris by a sanguinary populace, whom the self-devotion of a few gallant lives had alone prevented from imbruing their hands in their sovereign's blood. The national assembly also obeyed the commands of the rabble, and removed their sittings to the metropolis. Thither, in consequence, also Rosalie and her father went to reside.

Time flew on, and never with a heavier wing. Each month of trouble seemed a year to Rosalie. The numbers of the noblesse daily thinned by emigration. Even before the royal family had quitted Versailles, the Comte D'Artois, Madame de Polignac, all the noble friends, whom Rosalie had met with at the happy Trianon, had taken flight : and every day was

marked by a new departure, which accompanied, as it was, by abandonment of fortune, friends, and native country, was an announcement scarcely less melancholy than the death of the fugitive. The Comte D'Humières still held his ground, and refused to listen to any proposal of emigration. His son Prosper, the title of Vicomte discarded, had ingratiated himself with the party ruling, and likely to rule; and the Count, thus possessed of some little support, though now wedded to the cause of loyalty and the suffering Bourbons, resolved still to face the storm, and wait till the last hope of retrieval for France, and safety for himself, had vanished.

Few were the friends of the courageous old noble: young D'Erlach alone frequented his mansion in the Rue St. Dominique. The very street and quarter, the peculiar residence of the French nobility, was now deserted; and even to traverse it was to expose oneself to be marked out as a victim by the factious. D'Er-

lach, as a Swiss officer in the service of France, could scarcely add to his unpopularity. Even if he could, the risk would have increased the charm, which attracted him to the residence of the Comte D'Humières.

That he was welcomed there by Rosalie herself, need not be set down. But it was far otherwise with her brother, who despised the mercenary, as he called the Swiss officer, and hated the hired Janissary of despotism. The old Count too, reverentially as he regarded the attached servant of the Queen, and politely as he received him, still looked with some displeasure on the young Bernois' presumption in aspiring to his daughter. But then the extreme youth of D'Erlach had made it at first appear in the light of a mere boyish attachment. And even when a year or two had brought manliness to his countenance, and muscle to his form, the lover, deeply as he cherished his affection, felt how selfish would be any attempt towards fulfilling its hopes, in the

hour of his royal mistress's distress, of the kingdom's peril. Then the coming of D'Erlach to the Rue St. Dominique had always some fair pretext, some command from the palace, some tidings from the assembly, some friendly warning, or some lighter excuse, the more plausibly told, that disarmed the ever rising expostulation of the Count, and appeased, more unconsciously to D'Erlach, the resentment of Prosper.

As may be supposed, the brother and sister were not on such cordial terms, as, despite their diversity of character, had ever existed betwixt them at Humières. Prosper's connexion with the revolutionary leaders, could scarcely harmonize with the affections of Rosalie, won by, and vowed to, the hapless Marie Antoinette. Bickerings accordingly were not unfrequent; though Rosalie in such moments was generally passive, until roused by some vulgar or calumnious sarcasm against the Queen or the royal family, she would burst

forth in a fit of indignant eloquence, which not seldom terminated in a flood of tears. The unfeeling Prosper took a kind of savage delight in exciting his sister to this kind of paroxysm. Though cold himself, and a dissembler, he delighted to contemplate the energies of others, and was proud when he himself could excite them. His own self-possession, compared with their heat, flattered him. And, like his class, he loved to torture sensibility, as we find amusement in approaching the sensitive plant, and in observing the shrinkings and the writhings that we cause. When the brother was present, Rosalie almost hated him; when he was absent, she wept, and prayed that he might be recalled from thoughts which she looked upon as crimes.

One day that Prosper returned at the hour of breakfast, evidently from some of the conciliabules of the Jacobins, Rosalie could perceive, from his flushed cheek and glistening eye, that something excited him more than ordinary. He

was in high and flowing spirits, talked with more than usual loquacity, and, what was remarkable, on the lightest and most indifferent subjects. The Count himself paused from his journal (that which Suard then conducted with so much courage and talent, stemming the torrent of the anarchist party), and looked a moment in dubiety at his son. It seemed to him, however, but the effervescence of juvenile spirits. When the Count retired, Prosper commenced his favourite amusement of tormenting his sister; and pulling forth one of the anarchist Journals of that day, conducted by Marat or some of his *confrères*, he read forth a barbarous diatribe against the unfortunate Queen, just such as was generally sent forth as a kind of manifesto, preceding some great insurrection.

“Spare me, Prosper,” cried Rosalie, “do spare me. I have heard enough of those blood-thirsty legends, their falsehood alone would make me shudder.”

“Now,” said Prosper, “suppose this be a little exaggerated, as with a free press, and fair play for party, all things must. How could they be invented, or tolerated without some foundation for them? I believe but the quarter of what I hear, Rosalie, yet deem that quarter quite sufficient for condemnation.”

Rosalie remained silent; she disdained to reply.

“What think you now of your spotless Queen?” urged Prosper.

“That she is an angel, whom calumny cannot reach,” replied the enthusiastic girl.

“Angels of light have fallen, if holy books are to be believed, and have become angels of darkness.”

“They have, oh! they have, brother,” replied Rosalie, “but the malice of the fiend was straight written on their brow. Prosper, you are not what you used to be. Your countenance bespeaks it.”

“I thank you, pretty Rosalie, for that keen

turn upon me. 'Twas scarce sisterly," said the chafed Prosper, "but no matter. Seest those aught of the fiend in your brother's countenance?"

"I see that at least, which bespeaks communion with fiends, Prosper. I see the reflection of much that is not your own. This moment, Prosper,—good God, I should not know you—that cheek, pale with nightly vigils,—that lip, which nervousness and agitation have newly taught to quiver,—that eye, unwont to speak things of such fearful import,—and that brow, unused to lower on me—Ah! Prosper, be once more thy Rosalie's brother, the Prosper of Humières."

"My heart beats to your call, and answers your appeal, my sister," said the young man, somewhat moved, but o'ermastering his emotion, "and were I not stern of purpose and of soul, as men should be, I could almost at this moment lend myself to thy soft words. At least I forgive you, Rosalie. You have

reason. I am changed to—— all perhaps that you say—am cruel, am a fiend, but not without a cause, that would dignify, what shall I say, even crime.”

“What cause?”

“Liberty and reason.”

Rosalie sighed. “And what crime, Prosper?” And she looked fixedly upon him.

“You are a little inquisitor,” said Prosper; “I spoke of crime generally.”

“You looked it not so vaguely. What conspiracy, what dreadful event is hovering o’er our heads? I read it;—tell me, Prosper.”

“And how could it concern thee, pretty Rosalie, even if there were such.”

“Me,” said Rosalie, “I thought not of myself, but of some far dearer. You have been kind; you have even saved ere now the victim, and warned the devoted head to shun the stroke. Use now your evil knowledge for good; tell me of the hour, and the victim, and the arm raised to slay—and be once more my brother.”

“I did not think, thou hadst a friend to save, Rosalie. We are passing solitary in this mansion.”

The young girl blushed. She was taken by surprise. All her anxieties had been for the Queen ; Prosper deemed them for D’Erlach.

“The mercenary is beneath you, sister. Nay, kindle not up.—Beneath your love, but not mayhap your pity. We may still bear some kindness for the foolish first love, we have grown out of. I myself do. And D’Erlach is a spirited stripling, whose spark of life, you knowing him, I had rather see quenched in the red field of battle, than in the redder —”

“The redder what ?”—exclaimed the terrified Rosalie.

“What can she know,” muttered Prosper to himself, and then aloud he finished his interrupted phrase, “the redder hole of massacre.”

Rosalie could have shrieked ; but her intense anxiety to learn yet more, kept dumb her apprehensions.

“ Well, Prosper, well !” said she.

“ Bid him return to his mountains,” said the brother.

“ What, and desert the Queen ?”

“ She will have many another minion left.”

“ Nay, but he would never abandon her.”

“ Constant boy !” said Prosper, with a sneer ;
“ then let him at least house him elsewhere
than in yon palace. It is devoted to the in-
fernal gods.”

“ But how, but when—the day— ?”

“ I see, you like precision. Ask the volcano, or the hidden earthquake, of its day of bursting forth. Those, that thus receive the warning, fly, and fly at once, nor wait for certainty and fate together.” So saying, Prosper withdrew, and left his sister terrified by the awful and mysterious secret, of which she had become possessed.

Her first impulse was to rush herself to the palace, and warn its royal inmates ;—but how

to gain admittance, even at all risk. And then her story was too wild, too vague to excite attention: it was no more than the every day rumours of the metropolis, not more menacing than every judgment foresaw, than every heart foreboded. She resolved to await the coming of D'Erlach, and warn not only him, but, through him, the prisoners of the Thuilleries.

The young Swiss came that evening. And Rosalie, welcoming him with even more than the wonted cordiality of love, opened to him her suspicions, and the warning, which more especially had adverted to him.

D'Erlach made light of the intelligence; " 'Twas no more," he said, " than he heard from every quarter, even from the mouths of the populace themselves, as he passed along the streets."

" And are there no precautions taking? An attack on the palace itself must be in contemplation."

" No precautions whatever. The pious mo-

narch seems to commit the defence of himself, his crown, and family, to Heaven."

"That will not fail him, I trust," said Rosalie, "in the hour of peril."

The young soldier shook his head. "Providence, I have heard, is the best of all aids in a quarrel, but one that never consents to become a principal. Put forth your arm first, says my country proverb, and then ask a blessing."

"And the Queen?"

"None will act upon her bidding, or a blow had been long since struck; and now sorrow and ill health have undermined her spirits. She has not stirred out from that palace-prison, I know not when."

"I thought," said Rosalie, "orders had been given to clear the gardens for an hour in the day, to allow their Majesties a little exercise in safety."

"Such order was issued; I was present at the attempt to take advantage of it. The space

of the garden was cleared, all except the Terrace of the *Feuillans*, which was crowded to an extreme, we hoped by some who came from pity to view a monarch in distress. You have seen our royal masters, attended by their court, on the terrace at Versailles."

"Never," said Rosalie.

"Had you, and afterwards seen that same august family, alone almost, and unattended, habited *en bourgeois*, descending the staircase of their own palace amidst hateful and suspicious guards, and pausing with mingled pain and terror, ere they ventured forth to brave the presence of their once obedient people."

"Did they not venture forth?"

"They did," said D'Erlach, "but scarcely had taken three steps, when a demoniac yell from the crowded terrace welcomed them, as the barbarians of classic times used to welcome the appearance of a wild beast on the arena, when his blood was about to be spilled."

“Stop, stop, D’Erlach.”

“The poor Queen fled at once, pale and trembling, from the voice of their enemies; whilst the King and Madame Elizabeth, slowly and with dignity retreating from the hoots and yells of the demons, re-entered the palace, which they had vainly obtained permission to leave for a short space.”

“What is to be done?” said Rosalie in tears.

“From this report?—nothing. I will convey it to the ears of my royal master—but then it will fall, with a hundred similar warnings, unnoticed by his apathy and resignation.”

“What a fatal temper for a king to be endowed with at such a time!”

“Fatal indeed. A victim’s lot has been marked out for him, and in mercy has been added a victim’s purity and unconsciousness.”

“ And you, D'Erlach,” said Rosalie, “ will not, I trust, be so blind to danger.”

“ Speak you of myself, dear Rosalie?”

“ Of you.”

“ Of what use were sharp-sightedness? I am a soldier at my post.”

“ Do not look upon it in that light. You hold an office, which may be laid down.”

“ Spare your words, Rosalie. At once, if you can advise me to leave my station at the palace, I will do it. Will you persuade me to desert, and in such an hour?”

“ No—and yet—” and the struggle within her again drew forth Rosalie's tears.

The youth kissed respectfully the maiden's hand.

“ What nobler fate can await me than to perish for my sovereign, before their eyes. What can I hope for more?”

“ Nothing indeed. The future has no happiness for any of us.”

“ Ah, for you, much, Rosalie. And I would you were far from this land to enjoy it in security. For even you peril awaits. Noble blood is a crime in these times not to be forgiven; and even the renegade shall find it so.”

“ What happiness awaits Rosalie D’Humières, D’Erlach, her best friends no more?”

“ Others, worthier, will be found,” continued the youth, checking himself and confused.

“ What worthier can I ever have than you?”

“ Than me, oh!—you can have equals, Rosalie, for intimates—those whom a French noble may not despise, whom to tolerate will not exercise his patience or his generosity.”

“ This is unkind, D’Erlach, as well as selfish. We shall be all soon, I fear, equals in misfortune.”

“ God—what a selfish hope—I despise

myself this moment—yes, I have entertained it.”

“ Eugene,” said Rosalie solemnly, “ remember our mutual promise, to forget our own hopes and fears, our own joys and sorrows, in those of others, that should command our every thought, our every sympathy.”

“ And yet, Rosalie—”

“ Go on, D’Erlach, reproach me with having counselled thee to shun peril, and fly that which threatened Louis and his Queen. That was the selfish, the dishonourable thought. Go, Eugene,—to your post. The hour approaches, Prosper told me not the moment—but my heart tells me at this instant—go—I will pray for your safety—I will offer up my vows for those august victims, whose fate, I fear, involves all that is dear to me.”

“ Nay, Rosalie, your fears fling you into idle presentiments. It cannot be so near, what you dread. The city, as I came, was more than usually quiet, and even that focus of sedi-

tion, the assembly, almost desert of its mob-guard."

" More fearful signs, more manifest tokens, D'Erlach, farewell!" And the daughter of D'Humières hurried to give vent to her sorrow in solitude.

CHAPTER III.

It was the eve of the celebrated tenth of August. As D'Erlach returned to the Tuilleries, there was no sign of the approaching catastrophe, save the universal and now unnatural quiet, which Rosalie had well recognized to be a sign. It did not strike the confident heart of the young soldier to be such; and abstracting his thoughts for a moment from the cares and perils of the time, from his own and even his sovereign's threatened danger, he gave himself up, as he returned along the quay, that bounded the Seine, to the sweetest reveries of the young heart.

The sight of the palace, however, was suffi-

cient to recall him to anxiety. He entered the gardens, hurried up its stairs, and was several hours busied in endeavouring to convey his vague tidings to the royal ear.

“If that comes from D’Erlach, it has truth in it,” said the Queen.

“It is not unlikely,” replied the King.

“Let us then take measures.”

“What measures are in our power? Let the storm burst. We will abide it.”

For that night all seemed quiet. But at dawn, on the following morning, the organized insurrection raised its head in the eastern and remote quarter of Paris, the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. It was no popular tumult, excited by chance, and without a certain object. Here were ranks marshalled in long procession, armed with pikes, and in nought but squalor, hideous aspects, and brutal vociferations, differing from those of a disciplined army.

Meantime the fearful tocsin sounded, and the drums of every section beat to arms. The

fearful Swiss alone occupied the palace, of which every inhabitant felt that against them would the popular violence be first directed. In the midst of the gathering tumult and approaching combat, the assembly alone unmoved continued its debates, affecting strength and impassibility in the very hour, when it first, and for ever, submitted itself and its sovereign to popular subjugation.

The revolutionary army rendezvoused and marshalled themselves in the *place du Carrousel*, immediately fronting the Thuilleries. Before the palace gates were drawn up a regiment of Swiss, a feeble handful against an armed multitude. The rabble too were not without artillery ; the cannon of the sections accompanied them, and the old cannoniers of the guard were ready to discharge them against the royal palace. Without was imminent peril, within irresolution. The King would give no orders, take upon him no part. " I will have no blood shed," were his only words. The rabble still

advanced. When young D'Erlach taking upon him to act, and by either his success or defeat, open the way, as it were, for resolution to the monarch, gave his soldiers word to advance, and charged the tumultuary rabble at their head.

The cowards all fled to a man : cannon and arms deserted, they retreated into the thick ranks of their comrades, in confusion and defeat. But complete flight from the thronged and hemmed in Carousel was impossible, as those who know the place can witness. Never was wiser spot chosen, where to gather a mob, and whence to incite them against the palace of their monarch. Ingress was open to all, and escape denied, except through the very palace, which was the object of destruction. D'Erlach was satisfied with having awed the rabble, and kept them in check ; he hoped, that such an example given of the facility of overcoming the savage and unsteady mob, would have inspired Louis with resolution. It

is said, that it did so ; and, that one moment he expressed his intention of putting himself at the head of his faithful followers, to strike at least one blow for his crown, ere it was dashed from his head. But if such was the fact, the irresolute monarch soon yielded to the persuasions of the more timid around him, counsellors too congenial to his disposition ; and declaring, that “ he would have no blood spilled in his cause,” Louis with his family took his retreat in the national assembly.

The sittings of that body were then held in a *manège*, or a large wooden building, erected for the purposes of a riding-house, on the north end of the Thuilleries. To visitors of Paris during late years, and perhaps at present, if the Rue Rivoli have not by its progress filled up the chasm, its site was marked by an open space, occupied, as most open spaces in Paris are, by heaps of filth, which precisely fronted the windows of the Pavillon de Flore. It was relying on this vicinity to the Royal Palace,

that Mirabeau, in one of his orations, 'exclaimed, "Here, from the place where I stand, I can behold the window, whence Charles the Ninth, of merciless memory, overlooked the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and with his arquebuss and royal hand numbered himself amongst the pious assassins of the period." This was, however, rather a stretch of imagination, as the said window was in the ancient part of the Louvre, to which the orator's view must have penetrated many massy buildings, ere it could have reached.

As the royal family was about to abandon the Thuilleries, their flight became known to the rabble without. The Swiss regiment was withdrawn within the gates. The rabble pressed on,—first discharging their cannon against the palace, of which the venerable pile still retains the disgraceful marks. The defenders of the palace knew scarcely how to act; had the king remained, their duty and resolution were one, to resist and perish. Now

that he fled, what should they stand forward to defend? But retreat, without their sovereign's order, was an impossibility; as they might be considered to have deserted their posts. The officers, D'Erlach himself, demanded orders: Louis had none to give. He fled with his family, and without uttering a word. The gallant Swiss looked one upon the other, as the trembling court and its followers withdrew, leaving them alone to abide the storm, and guard a line of building, whose very windows it would require an army to man. The cannon of the people without again resounded; and their discharge was heard shattering the gates and ornaments. "*Allons mourir*,—let us die," was the rallying word of the gallant Swiss, and the fire of the mob was answered.

Resistance was too late. At a hundred unguarded apertures the hell-hounds poured in. And fighting their way up the grand staircase, which they heaped with their bodies,

and moistened with their blood, the Swiss retreated, but without hope, save that of selling their lives as dearly as they might. Few reached the uppermost step. Amongst those who did so, one was young D'Erlach, who being agile and unencumbered with arms—his very sword was broken in his grasp—had outstripped the eager murderers, that were glutting themselves at every bound with a fresh victim. Having gained that apartment, known by the name of the *Salle des Marechaux*, which occupies the very centre of the palace, he traversed it and flung himself from it upon one of the terraces that lead to the extreme *Pavillons*, or wings. This was at the other or garden side of the chateau, which he hoped to find still deserted. But the mob had broken through, and now filled the garden, roaring, like wild beasts for their prey, after the few Swiss, that had escaped them thither.

Concealed, however, for a moment behind some flowers and statues, that adorned the

extremity of the terrace, D'Erlach had time to divest himself of the most conspicuous part of his uniform, and so re-entered the palace by another window as one of its conquerors. The hideous ruffians roamed throughout the scene of magnificence, with which they themselves formed the most striking contrast, panting for blood and plunder; still it was evident that the mob was French, for in all their licentiousness, little was devastated; no ornament wantonly defaced, unless it wore the insignia of the tyrant, as they called Louis. Pictures and tapestries, mirrors and china vases, hung untouched upon the walls, or stood on gilded pedestals unharmed. In this the French seem to differ from the mob of other countries, who in general love mischief more than crime. The direct contrary was observable throughout the Parisian troubles of that epoch.

Fortunately D'Erlach passed unrecognised, unchallenged through the crowd; the fiercest

of whom now abandoned the palace to besiege the assembly. By mingling and being pressed in the squalid crowd, the young Swiss soon became squalid as they—his shirt, then his outward garment, as rent and filthy, while his too neat locks he contrived to conceal beneath a greasy *bonnet rouge*, which he had picked up. In this general uniform of the rabble, D'Erlach at length issued safely from the palace, and had leisure to think of the further steps necessary to escape. Without passport or disguise, it would be impossible at this moment, when vigilance was heaviest, to attempt to pass the barriers, or reach his native country. A few days' concealment and preparation were necessary. But where to lie hid? The mansions of all his friends were long deserted: and he thought of the Hotel D'Humières; but then, he reflected, would the risk of harbouring me be willingly undergone except by the one affectionate heart of Rosalie? Strongly as his wishes impelled him

thither, he could not resolve to crave a shelter from the haughty Count, the envious, sarcastic Prosper. From the latter it was true he had received somewhat a friendly though vain warning: but conveyed, as it had been, through Rosalie, he doubted, how, and in what spirit, it had been intended to be conveyed.

Unable at the moment to form a resolution with respect to himself, the thoughts of D'Erlach recurred to the King and Queen. And he bent his course towards the assembly, to catch once more a glimpse of his sovereigns, or at least learn some tidings of their fate. The mad rabble round were shouting their revolutionary songs, with their universal *refrein*, or chorus of blood, in which numbers always joined:—the most general was the well-known one of *Ca Ira, Les Aristocrates à la Lanterne*. And the sanguinary precept was not confined to expression, for at every turn they grouped around some individual of more decent apparel than usual, or of noble mien,

and caused them immediately to account for such suspicious appearance. Any passenger, with at all a sacerdotal look, stood in even greater peril. Of the chance suspected, some ran, some stood and expostulated, charmed the mob with their eloquence, or stumbling in their harangue, fell victims for lack of oratory. The most successful, however, were those who took the cruel sport in good-humour, and parried off blows by jests. Wit, next to crime, was the best safeguard.

At some distance from him, D'Erlach observed the crowd collect round some suspected personage, who seemed to address them in an indignant tone. On approaching near, the young Swiss perceived it was no other than Prosper D'Humières. He joined the throng, anxious lest aught might befall the brother of Rosalie. And, despite his popular principles and Jacobinism, Prosper was in excessive danger. His aristocratic

look, and even dress, for secure in his known favour to and with the chief revolutionists, he did not think it necessary to stoop to the disguises of Sans Culottism, such as that which was now affording protection to D'Erlach. His tone of expostulation too, proud and indignant, savoured more of his birth and rank, than of his assumed democratic character; and the mob, rightly judging, cried, notwithstanding his harangue, *L'Aristocrate à la Lanterne*. Some even proceeded to lay hands on him. In the moment of danger, Prosper's eye caught D'Erlach—the Vicomte's countenance was pale with the prospect of instant death. D'Erlach saw in it the likeness of Rosalie, distorted with anguish and pain:—he knew the victim too, as the Prosper D'Humières, that ever looked contemptuously upon his suit, on his want of French parentage and nobility. And the thoughts of revenge rushed to the breast of D'Erlach, the fullest, the most ample re-

venge. The youth obeyed the impulse, and rushing forward with dissembled rage, cried,

“Perish, thou Jacobin Humières, blood-thirsty traitor. ’Tis I, thy foe, thy victim, sees thee to thy fate; I, the Swiss D’Erlach.”

At the word, Swiss, every savage countenance was turned upon the utterer, who, casting back the cap that covered his trim locks and noble features, discovered what corroborated fully his wild words, and turned on him all the awakened fury of the rabble. There was an instant’s pause, during which D’Erlach contrived to arm himself, and posting himself against a wall, he prepared to offer a minute’s resistance against the violence of the multitude. His fate seemed inevitable, when Santerre made his appearance at the head of some of his mounted guard. The ruffian had been the very leader of massacre; but the great end of the insurrection having been already gained, he was anxious to pre-

serve victims from the populace, in order to reserve them for the guillotine, to the guard and supply of which, Santerre had especially devoted himself.

Prosper at the moment hailed his brother Jacobin, who at his bidding rode in and dispersed the rabble, seizing on D'Erlach as his prey. Deprived of their victim, the mob shouted *à l'Abbaye, à l'Abbaye*, bearing in mind, that that prison and its inmates were destined for summary slaughter, as soon as they, the very executioners, had leisure for the task. Santerre, by echoing the shout, promised acquiescence in their demands, and the troop rode off in that direction with their prisoner. Prosper followed with Santerre, whom he besought in the name of their fraternity to spare the young Swiss, who had saved his life. But that butcher, such had been his trade, pointed, as they passed the Place Louis Quinze, to the centre, where the guillotine was about to be erected, and denied that he could rob that

“ young spouse of the revolution of her children,” such was his metaphor.

D'Erlach was therefore conducted to the Abbaye, when he found himself amongst a crowd of priests, women, and suspected royalists, for the most part taken in the attempt to emigrate. Prosper hurried, in the first instance, to the Rue St. Dominique, where were both his sister and father in horror, doubt, and consternation at the passing events, which neither tongue nor pencil could exaggerate. Prosper flung himself in a chair, whilst Rosalie looked in speechless anxiety at her brother.

“ He is safe, Rosalie, fear not,” said Prosper.

“ The King !” said the Count ; “ thanked be Heaven.”

“ D'Erlach is safe,” said the Vicomte.

“ What, are you leagued to encourage this stripling ?” cried the father ; “ and even to my face prize his safety above that of your sovereign ?”

Rosalie was lost in silent thanksgiving a moment—then asked, “The Queen?”

“The royal family are to be prisoners in the Temple. The Swiss have been all massacred.” Rosalie shuddered. “D’Erlach escaped for my preservation.”

“His name again!” exclaimed the angry Count.

“Nay, you shall hear;” and Prosper related to his father and sister the perilous predicament from which nought but the generous self-devotion of the young Swiss could have saved him.

Tears of emotion too mingled to be told, overflowed the eyes of Rosalie. The old noble even was struck, and closed his hands to invoke a blessing on the preserver of his son.

“And you, Prosper, I hope you have learned what gratitude is to be expected from the rabble towards him who leagues with them against their sovereign.”

“I were not your son,” said Prosper, “were I to abandon deep-rooted feelings and convictions, because the excesses of a people too suddenly liberated have threatened my existence.”

Whether this reply was owing to chance or design in Prosper, or merely to the biting habit which he was used to, the allusion to his consistency mortified the Comte D’Humières.

“Act as you will, Prosper,” said he; “I will no longer inhabit this blood-stained soil. Rosalie and I will seek security and freedom in some land less free.”

“Do not, Sir, I conjure you,” said Prosper, “imitate the madness of your brethren in rank. His country is always the brave man’s post of honour, which peril should but bind him to closer.”

“You would then see me and your sister perish before your eyes.”

“Nay, this fermentation of a moment will

pass off, and all will purify and clear ——” Prosper went on to urge all the arguments against emigration, which the Count heard with impatience. He had remained so long—won over by his son’s exhortations, and promises of protection. But now that the young enthusiast for liberty could not even protect himself against its followers, the Comte D’Humières saw little safety for a known aristocrat. Still he was anxious that Prosper should remain, on account of the family possessions, which the father proposed making over to him to preserve it from the revolutionary law. He hoped too, that unconnected with himself, and removed from the offensive region of the Fauxburg St. Germain, Prosper would be more able to assimilate with the ruling party, and without a dishonourable co-operation in its measures, save the family from beggary and extinction.

As the Count retired, Prosper thought on D’Erlach, whom it behoved him instantly to

endeavour to release from prison. He therefore at dark set forth for the Jacobins, whom he found in all the orgies of exultation and ferocious (good-humour I was about to say) elation for their victory. Prosper without difficulty obtained what he sought, an order for the release of D'Erlach. He dared not, however, seem so anxious for the Swiss, as to set off immediately to the Abbaye. He felt, on the contrary, necessary to attend the late sitting of the Jacobins, and join in all the fury of debate till morning broke.

He then hastened to the Abbaye, and releasing his preserver, compelled him to take a day's refuge in the Rue St. Dominique. Prosper charged himself with the care of procuring false passports, and of taking every precaution for the escape of the young Swiss to his native land. Thus Rosalie and D'Erlach spent one day of mingled pain and pleasure together. They spoke of future meeting, of

all the plans and promises of love. But 'twas yet uncertain, whether at all, or how soon, the Count would proceed to execute his plan of emigration, or even in that case, to what quarter his flight would be directed.

CHAPTER IV

PROSPER prepared all for the safe departure of D'Erlach on the following morning. The Count D'Humières displayed the gratitude of a proud man towards one, who has almost as much pained as gratified him by an obligation. The old noble did not touch upon his own plans ; but wished the youth a happy journey, as if he had few hopes of beholding him again. Prosper was more cordial.

“ Now,” said he, “ D'Erlach, that you have cast off the service of the Bourbons, and are once more a simple member of that republic, of which you are a native, my friendship and reverence for you equals my gratitude. The name of Swiss is to me the highest title of honour. I remember Granson and Morat,

and forget not that ye are the eldest children of European liberty."

"I rejoice in possessing any title to your esteem, Vicomte," said D'Erlach. "But I should have been prouder still to serve the royal race, who have ever befriended me and mine."

"Ay, the leaven of aristocracy rises strong in the republic of Bern. And I am not ignorant that you are of its proudest family. But all these prejudices must be abandoned, or rooted out, D'Erlach. The age will not allow of their existence. The sun of the glorious nineteenth century, which is approaching, must not shine on one of these rank weeds, that have overgrown the earth."

"Try what experiments you will at home, Prosper," replied D'Erlach; "leave us the freedom we have been born in."

"Europe must become one family."

"Now, Heaven forbid, to continue your metaphor," cried the young Swiss, "that our

simple shepherds should ever bear affinity to the sanguinary rabble, that gathered round us both so lately."

"Nay, slaves are ever ferocious, when they succeed in rending and casting aside their chains. When all Europe fraternizes beneath the tree of its common liberty, frontiers and distinctions will alike disappear, and the same equitable, contented, noble character, that ever marks the freeman, will be seen alike to inhabit mountain and plain."

"I fear, Prosper D'Humières, we may meet as enemies, if your country or party should dare to prosecute such a scheme."

"Dare!" said the Vicomte with a smile, at the idea which the young Swiss entertained of a revolutionist's daring; "but we have ample leisure yet to mature our thoughts. To turn to another subject: my father most likely will turn his course to Switzerland. The Netherlands, which form the frontier nearest our home, will soon be the seat of war, as will the Rhine;

and so superannuated a warrior as my father would be overlooked at Coblenz, in the Prince's wild court of emigrés. Besides, his joining such a rendezvous would put me in peril, and upset his plans. Switzerland alone remains. And that he and Rosalie should have quiet, comfort, and respect there, must be your care."

D'Erlach was in raptures, "My father ——" he was about to say, when Prosper interrupted him.

"Ay, your father, General D'Erlach is the first of his country, a noble and a valiant veteran, well able to stretch forth almost a sovereign's protection to a fugitive French noble. But this thought shocks my father's pride:—nay, it alone would be sufficient to make him choose any other refuge, if that other existed. In England he might starve, as war will soon separate us from all communication with that country. But, as I said, to Bern he will not bend his course. He hath a silly pride, and

your family are the last to whom he would have recourse for protection."

"And may I ask why?" said D'Erlach, blushing.

"You may without difficulty conjecture, or else remain ignorant."

"I speak not of the present moment, but in the proudest of the past, I was ever the equal of the family of Humières."

"I acknowledge neither superior nor inferior," said Prosper; "the time is come, I trust, in which all men shall be equal."

D'Erlach was still unsatisfied.

"To be plain with you, I wish Rosalie were yours to-morrow, but my father ——"

"Were those always your thoughts?" asked the young Swiss.

"They were not—but go not into the past—such they are at present. And I crave of you your secret protection for my fugitive sister and father."

“Crave, what a word! and what need of it?” exclaimed D’Erlach.

“Lausanne, or some town of French Switzerland will most likely be his place of refuge, within the sound of his native tongue.”

“It is enough,” said D’Erlach.

“Speed to ye, and safety,” cried Prosper.

The parting of the young Swiss from Rosalie was far less painful to both, since they had received hopes that in Switzerland they should meet, or at least not be far removed one from another. I shall not venture to give their tender dialogue, enumerate their sighs and vows, regrets and fears, for each other, and for the royal personages with whom they were interested. They parted; and D’Erlach, fortified with a passport which he might have recourse to in case of need, but which he was to render as useless as possible by travelling on foot, and avoiding all towns of importance, set forth on his return to Bern.

In the solitude of his journey, he had leisure to collect his thoughts, which the bustle, peril, and anxiety of many preceding months rendered a novel and a pleasing task. There was as much of the painful as the sweet; and both were crowded in the narrow space of time, which had elapsed since his entry into life. His father had deemed the French court the best school for his son in the discipline of the world and of gentility; and he joined to this the career of arms to give him an apparent object, a duty to perform whilst there, at the same time that it was the profession which General D'Erlach destined for his son. It had proved a post of peril, and therefore one of honour. In it, too, he had learned far more than had been destined; he found it the school of misfortune, as well as of the world. The interest of the youth too having been kept continually excited to the utmost for his sovereigns, whom he beheld in grief and daily-increasing distress, imparted a chivalrous feeling to his

character, at the same time that it made him irrevocably opposed to all the republican and democratic principles of the popular cause. Nor was this incompatible with his sentiments as a citizen or member of the republic of Bern, where, although the form of government was a free commonwealth, its spirit was that of an high and haughty aristocracy, not the less proud moreover for resting its high claims to distinction upon wealth and commerce, as well as upon birth and descent.

So ardent was his loyal enthusiasm, that oft, as he prosecuted his journey, he paused to consider, if his desertion of his royal masters had been honourable or right. But when he considered himself proscribed, and reflected on the little aid which he could hope to bring to the captive Louis or his Queen, even by incurring further danger, he acquitted himself, and continued his path.

After the first day's journey, these graver and gloomier thoughts begun to dissipate from

the youth's mind, and to give place to more consoling prospects and remembrances. The thoughts of Rosalie alone, of her beauty, truth, her worth, and misfortunes, were sufficient to console even a more crushed and suffering spirit than D'Erlach's. Dreams of her principally cheered the second and third day of his escape, during which no let or event occurred to arrest his course or endanger his safety. But at length, as he drew near to the mountain frontier of his native land, a thousand dormant ideas of home rushed to his imagination. The pine-clad hills, the cultivated vales, the pastoral life, preserving still its simplicity even in regions where manufactures thrived, and industry brought back the golden gains, here but enriching, elsewhere so corruptive—the noble, but simple family mansion in his native city, his venerable father—these were the objects that came over his fancy and held it.

After a fatiguing journey of ten days, as the

mellow evening was fading into twilight, the first glimpse of the blue line of the Jura struck him, in the distance; and this sight, that strikes the stranger with rapture, excited stronger feelings in the bosom of the young Swiss. During his absence, which brief as it had been, was still an age to one of his few years, he had not seen what he could call a mountain. And firmly as his memory preserved those objects so dear and familiar to his youth, yet so great had been his happiness at first, and subsequently his anxiety, when in France, that he scarcely had had leisure to recall those scenes, or look back to them with regret; neither had he grown so experienced in the ways of sentiment as to know and be aware when such and such should occur—a kind of perfect skill, which like extreme proficiency in most pursuits, merely seems to mar the pleasure of its possessor. His young life had been too active to allow of this. And the charm of surprise was added to the many other delightful

emotions, with which he once more beheld his native country.

So warm glowed those feelings in the breast of D'Erlach, that he allowed himself no repose on that night, a measure indeed that prudence as well as sentiment enjoined. And as the morning sun rose behind his native Alps, the frontier stream appeared, which separated his peaceful and innocent land from France. The youth sprung across it with a bound of joy, and no sooner reached the opposite bank, than in the kneeling attitude in which his last bound had terminated, pausing, he returned thanks to Providence for his final escape.

“Farewell,” ejaculated he, “land of turmoil and massacre, whence all that is great and noble has departed, or if it rests, suffers. Here at least, in my own free land, I shall be safe from thy boasted liberty, which thou threatenest to impose upon the earth. Here, at least, into the land of my valiant ancestors, none can have the pretext or the audacity to import

freedom. Here dare no Jacobins intrude, nor mobs imbrue their hands in the blood of the virtuous."

The young Swiss had afterwards occasion to recall this little apostrophe, and to acknowledge, in bitterness of heart, that neither the prudence nor the health of the body politic can more preserve a country from moral epidemic, than the same sane qualities can exempt an individual from the prevalent disease.

A day or two's further journey brought Eugene D'Erlach to Bern, and to the arms of his venerable parent. The General welcomed him in an agony of joy. The tidings of the tenth of August had arrived to spread universal mourning over Switzerland, and old D'Erlach concluded not less than that he had lost a son. His escape was welcomed by him as a peculiar interposition of Providence; and even the republic, amidst its general sorrow and mortification, rejoiced, that at least the

offspring of its proudest family had been rescued from the scene of massacre.

The youth related to his parent all that he had witnessed, the disasters of the royal family, and the final triumph of the popular party, from which almost alone he had been rescued. The early part of his career, the favour shewn him by the Queen, and his admission to the Triainon, he had long since informed his father of, in his correspondence. But this latterly both had considered it prudent to interrupt. And even full as the filial love of Eugene had rendered his account, there were now so many details and anecdotes to fill up, that many days elapsed, ere the youth had exhausted his store. His connexion with the family of Humières was not forgotten, his attachment to Rosalie, though not avowed, was alluded to and implied sufficiently to render his parent aware; and the mutual obligation betwixt him and Prosper were related at full length, to impress on the General, that they

owed every aid and attention to the Count and his family, in the case of their emigrating to Switzerland.

The old General felt much room for comment, as he listened to these private details; but public events pressed too sharply upon him at the moment, to allow him to enter upon the subject, or bestow upon it the fit interest. The General had himself warred in the service of France, and was strongly attached to its reigning family by personal obligations, by recollections, by his high descent, and by the aristocratic bent of his mind. He sympathized in all their sufferings, and would have willingly risked all in their behalf, save that the love and duty he owed his country would not allow of his endeavouring for any cause, however sacred, to involve it in an unequal struggle with the might of democratic France.

He thought, at least, that a fuller cause and a fairer pretext were needed, ere suffering

royalty should find a champion in so peaceful and humble a republic as that of Bern. The massacre of the Swiss guards on the tenth of August seemed at once to offer that cause and that pretext ; and General D'Erlach for one, resolved to abett, in the approaching senate of his state, such measures, as would display a proper sense of the national strength and dignity, and make the French rabble regret the barbarous insult they had offered to a free people.

These were the thoughts that filled his mind, and that so exclusively, that he not once heeded Eugene's frequent mention of Prosper and the Comte D'Humières, except by monosyllables, as expressive of inattention as of gratitude.

"No, a brother could not have behaved more generous and kind," said Eugene.

"And they fled even from a handful of Swiss," said his father, thinking upon another topic.

"They did, in truth. A few thousands of

disciplined soldiers would put them to the rout."

"If that glory were reserved for D'Erlach," muttered his father; "but no, Helvetia first, and foreign connexions after. It is a fault with our disjointed and democratic land, Eugene, that it does not offer enough to command all our affections."

"Doth it not?" asked his son, surprised.

"It doth much, but not all."

"I have heard of no country whose aspect, whose history, or associations so enchain the love of its children."

"Yes, but personal affections, Eugene, are stronger than local. The noble were born to be attached to some illustrious sovereign family, which when they want at home they seek abroad, and thus estrange their affections from their country. It is so with us, one leans to Austria, another to France; and Switzerland, divided, has no grand interest of her own, to keep her sons united. Her independence

secure and unthreatened, there is no link, nor rallying point amongst her sons, and they scatter over Europe as mercenaries and slighted allies."

Eugene blushed at the word "mercenary," which he recollected with pain, and heard with continued suspicion the aristocratic arguments of his father, from whom a few years' separation had made him imagine rather than remember him, and to represent to himself more as the head of a republic, than the partizan of courts. The young man did not either smother or dissemble his astonishment, but spoke it forth, even to his parent, in words of warmth and expostulation.

"Better," concluded Eugene, "that Switzerland had not one illustrious name, than that they should turn ungratefully its affection to any soil but its own."

General D'Erlach looked upon his son, but with feelings of admiration. "I am rejoiced, Eugene," said he, "to find you returned with

patriotism whole, even from the scenes that you have witnessed. The thoughts of them make me exaggerate my feelings to you. But it is the curse of republics surrounded by monarchies, that the wealthy, the illustrious, and the high-descended of the former must turn to the countries of the latter for their sentiments, for a model of their demeanour, in search of a fraternity, in short, which they have not at home."

"Then was the Ostracism of the Athenians wise," observed Eugene.

"It was," replied his parent. And a pause ensued, which put an end to the conversation for that time.

CHAPTER V.

IT was perhaps Burke's aristocratic temperament and propensities, that caused him, when he declared Switzerland to be the happiest of countries, to mention the state of Bern especially, as the most happy and best governed of the happiest. Its being the most wealthy and considerable of the Cantons afforded him, perhaps, all the premises for his conclusion : and nearly a century's peace and neutrality, undisturbed amidst surrounding wars, had imparted to it that look of comfort and content, that fascinated the traveller. This appearance is certainly no bad symptom of the merit of a country's rulers, but if we

are to argue from it to the excellence of its government, we shall be led to strange conclusions, such, for instance, as that Austria proper enjoys one of the best constitutions in Europe, and that more countries which I could name, are under the worst, if we are to judge from their distress and discontent.

The government of Bern, like that of Friburg, Zurich, and most of the cantons bordering on France, was aristocratic, while that of the ancient, remote, and pastoral cantons was more democratic; though even there certain families contrived to perpetuate themselves in power, and hold hereditary possessions of such offices of that of bailiff, landamman, &c. But the liberty and happiness of a people must ever depend more on the spirit that actuates government and people, than on any form of ruling or being ruled.

“The eldest children of European liberty,” the Swiss, although they never rivalled the complicated machinery of our constitution,

yet far preceded us and all other countries in the true spirit of liberty. There, to adduce sufficient proof, and this but one, toleration reigned for centuries ere it was even preached elsewhere, and will reign there for Heaven knows how many centuries more, till that first principle of freedom begins to be practised elsewhere.

Blessed with the freedom which they enjoyed, the Helvetic states for the most part looked upon that which France had just achieved for herself, without envy or admiration. The tenth of August, and similar events, soon occurred to convert this apathy into disgust and alienation, and after a time into fear. Bâle alone, from its vicinity to France, seemed to look with any favour on the revolutionary spirit of the French. After a time, however, another part of Switzerland began to shew stronger symptoms: the political disease had found the peccant part of the confederacy, and fastened there immediately and inveterately.

This peccant part was the Canton of the Vaud, which chance, and its primitive dependence on the Dukes of Savoy, had placed in subjection to Berne. French being the language of the country, facilitated the communication of principles, and an apostle of liberty was not wanting to preach the necessity of independence to the Vaudois. This was no other than Laharpe, the celebrated Swiss tutor of Russia's late Emperor, Alexander, to whom all of that monarch's early and short-lived liberality was considered to have been owing.

But in arriving already at this state of public affairs, I somewhat precede my private narrative. General D'Erlach spoke loudly and indignantly in the council of Bern, on the subject of the tenth of August. Throughout Switzerland, voices similarly brave and indignant were raised, but in vain. Each Canton was contented to mourn over the fate of its sons, without daring to display resentment. No diet was proposed, nor national commu-

nication took place respecting a disgrace that affected all. And a monument erected at Lucerne, to the unfortunate victims of the tenth of August, was all the note that Switzerland took of their massacre.

The Comte D'Humières in the mean time felt that his purpose of emigration could no longer be deferred. Still he lingered in hopes of a favourable turn in public events. Each dreadful catastrophe he deemed surely to be the worst, the last possible extreme of cruelty and frenzy. But more diabolical succeeded. And the Count at length found himself on the lists of prescription, before he had arranged the day or the means of his departure.

At length, in the midst of one of the most severe winters France had for a long time known, the Count, accompanied by Rosalie, took their secret departure from the metropolis; and more fortunate than other emigrants of the same period, reached in safety the Genevese frontier, having encountered as

much danger from the snows of the Jura, as from the satellites of the revolution. In Lausanne the Count fixed his residence, where, although the beauty and attractions of the spot had drawn many other French emigrants, he found the popular opinions of the Vaudois highly unfavourable to such visitors. The seeds of the revolution were evidently springing up there, which the vicinity of the French army abetted and encouraged. Savoy had been already overrun by the republican troops under General Montesquieu, and the opposite shores of the Lemman, that long line of democratized hills, which had just frightened Gibbon from his learned retreat, offered warnings of danger not less imminent to such exiles as the Comte D'Humières.

Rosalie, however, from whose young mind cares and fears were more easily shaken, breathed at once free and happier, after having left her own fearful land. The lovely shores of the Lemman were enchanting to her, who

had never known picturesque beauty, until she had beheld it in the Jura. For neither Humières, nor the road which led from it to Paris, could present scenes worthy of that name. Bleak as was the season of her coming, this rendered more striking the objects and the face of a country so new to her. Even ere she had quitted the soil of republican France, the aspect of the Jura almost beguiled her of her fears, and the beauty of the fir-forests laden with snow, that hung so fantastically on their feathery branches and serrated outline, made her forget the dangers of a path, which the season alone, independent of other causes, rendered a perilous passage. The charm was heightened by another cause—the remembrance of the descriptions which D'Erlach had formerly entertained her with, and in which as he depicted his marvellous and romantic land, she had then felt as interested as in the pages of a story.

That youth soon learned the arrival of the

Count and his daughter, and did not long want a pretext to visit the shores of Lemman. Although the General did not forbid his son to undertake this journey, or express any open aversion to the cause of it, still his son perceived that he avoided and held aloof from the subject of the Comte D'Humières, as if the very name was displeasing to him. When pressed, however, General D'Erlach explained, that he had formerly been a comrade of the Count, that they had served together, and that some cause of pique, arising perhaps from the Count's pride, had arisen betwixt them, and had never been allayed. What it was, he did not exactly explain, but assigned it as a cause for his unwillingness to seem foremost or anxious in pressing either the friendship or alliance of one of his family upon the Count. Eugene mentioned, that what had passed betwixt him and Prosper, was fully sufficient to erase all former cause of distance; but D'Erlach was proud as D'Humières, and declared, that

however deeply he might feel this, he could not be the first to declare it: moreover, that he knew the Count's character, and knew from it, that exile would but increase tenfold his pride, and lead him to look upon any attempt of the General's to befriend or approach him in present circumstances, as an insult rather than a kindness.

Eugene, however, resolved to feign ignorance on this subject, and though it caused him somewhat to defer his hopes, it appeared to him by no means an insurmountable obstacle. He bent his course accordingly to Lausanne, under some of those pretexts which a lover's invention so readily suggests to him, saw Rosalie once more, and welcomed her father to his country. The Comte was more sombre than even at Paris. His sojourn at Lausanne he even found less tolerable than he had imagined. The capital of the Vaud was crowded with emigrants, not only the loyal and aristocratic class, but of the several re-

revolutionary parties, which successively formed and succumbed in the Convention. These latter, most congenial in their principles with the inhabitants of Lausanne, carried away all authority and respect from their royalist countrymen and comrades in misfortune. And even the most scrupulous retirement did not preserve the old noble from unpleasantness and insult. The Count querulously uttered these complaints aloud, and D'Erlach seized the opportunity of recommending Bern, as a place of residence more befitting an exile of rank,—Bern, where none of the revolutionary jargon had yet penetrated, where birth was respected, and where the old families of Watteville, Steiger, Graffenried, and others, formed a society worthy of the ancient noblesse of France.

The Comte D'Humières made no answer to this advice, said that he sought retirement, not society, and expressed his intention of moving farther in the country, to Vevay, or perhaps

into the Vallais. D'Erlach combated his resolution, described the wretched state of the Vallais, democratic moreover, where, except for the superiors of convents, there existed no accommodation for any above the rank of a peasant. The Count replied, that humility in fare and dwelling did not deter him, and that the vicinity of a convent, where his daughter might find either temporary or lasting refuge, was the point of all others, that would induce him to turn his steps thither.

This last remark alarmed Eugene not a little. He communicated his fear to Rosalie, and entreated of her frankly to acquaint him, if his presence occasioned the splenetic humour of the Count. Rosalie sighed, and could not reply. The ill-humour of the Count increased; young D'Erlach in vain endeavoured to bring matters to an explanation, but the old emigrant would not hear him. The youth considered this treatment as even more than denial, as insult; and he left the Count's ca-

binet, determined to depart at once and for ever from his presence. He met Rosalie as he went. She was in tears. He expected her to inform him of the cause of the odium in which her father seemed to hold him. She denied the existence of such a feeling in her parent.

“My father informed me, there had been a pique betwixt him and the Comte D’Humières, of long standing. Can this be the cause of his aversion?”

“No, no,” said Rosalie.

“Is it my birth?”

“Alas, no,” again said the maiden.

“’Tis then Prosper’s old objection, that I was forsooth a mercenary in the service of King Louis the Sixteenth. I little thought to have met with contempt from a French noble, for having served the last of his country’s monarchs.”

“No, Eugene—’tis none of these—you mistake my father. His pride is low; and

not one of these thoughts intrude upon him."

"Thinks he, I would rob him of his daughter," continued the indignant youth, "that he frowns me from his abode? No, Rosalie, much as I love, all as I would sacrifice for thee, I would disdain to win thee without his consent, without that of all his house."

"I know it, Eugene, my father knows it."

"By Heaven, if the very house-dog objected to me as thy suitor, Rosalie, I would almost hesitate and respect his protest."

In all her anguish Mademoiselle D'Humières could not help smiling at the idea, which the enthusiastic honour of her lover had suggested to him. And her smile was neither construed fairly, nor observed patiently, by the heated temper of D'Erlach. He turned to be gone.

"Ah! if you knew!" ejaculated Rosalie.

"Tell me then, for Heaven's sake, and solve my doubts."

“Never, D’Erlach.”

“Nay then, there is a mystery.”

“A bitter mystery, Eugene, though a very common and unromantic one.”

“Tell me, or I depart for ever.”

As this partook somewhat of the nature of a menace, the pride of Rosalie was instantly awakened, and she relapsed into cold and silent dignity. The temper of young D’Erlach could hold no more. Some idle suspicion had laid hold upon his mind, and made him rash. He rushed from the presence of his mistress, and hardening himself in his resentment and despair, he hurried from Lausanne.

Time flies rapidly on in these chapters, for thick as its course was strewn with events, and direful ones for Europe, it brought none in those years affecting the personages of my story. Upwards of a twelvemonth had elapsed betwixt the coming of the Comte D’Humières and his daughter to Lausanne, and the taking

place of the conversation, which the reader has just perused.

The lover bent his despairing steps to the Oberland, a wild and Alpine region, which hung over the extremity of the Vaud, the savage sublimity of which, he felt, would at once suit and distract his unsettled mind. A thousand follies and extravagancies young D'Erlach committed there in the month, which he gave to his love and despair—clambering Alpine precipices, daring the slippery glacier and the threatening *lavange*, haunting the torrent in its wildest fall, and burying himself in the pine-forests to dispute with the wild beast for his lair. Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena never endured more penitence, or in more serious mood, than did the young Swiss in the mountains of the Oberland. But I have neither the pen of Cervantes, his leisure to write, nor his number of volumes to fill, therefore shall spare myself a recital of these extravagancies, which, however I choose to

mock and ridicule in my hero, were by no means matter of such mirth to him, but were in sober sadness indulged, as the means of allaying a grief, which preyed upon the youth's mind, and undermined his health.

Amidst the many cares that pressed upon General D'Erlach respecting his country's peace, and the survival of the friends and principles which he held dear, came the tidings of his son's ill health and self-abandonment. The veteran immediately hurried to the Oberland, to expostulate with his son, bring him back to reason, and give, if necessary, his advice and aid in obtaining whatever object seemed so indispensable to his peace.

Eugene, whose fever of despair a month's range had subdued, leaving but the languor of the disease behind, confessed and related all to his parent, who chid him for his want of frankness and friendship, in not having flown to his paternal home for consolation, rather than to the solitude of a savage region. The

veteran knew not, that the first sorrows of the heart are best borne in secrecy, and that it is but the after ones that are softened by being confided to another. The General immediately resolved to visit the Comte D'Humières, and decide at once, in a more satisfactory interview than his son had been able to obtain, the fate of Eugene's hopes respecting the emigrant's daughter.

They both accordingly journeyed to Lausanne, which town the General, as one of the senate of Bern, was glad to seize this opportunity to visit, that he might learn the truth of the reports which circulated respecting the disaffection of the Vaudois towards their sovereign, the government of Berne. The insults which were put upon himself as one of that aristocratic government, informed General D'Erlach fully of that of public opinion in the Vaud, where indeed clubs, committees, and all the secret machinery of revolution had been set up, and

were in full exercise. Hurrying at the same time to make his peace with Rosalie, Eugene found that the Comte D'Humières had already executed his determination of removing from Lausanne; and Vevay, he was informed, was the present abode of the emigrant.

Thither the D'Erlachs proceeded by a lovely drive of a couple of hours, which time Eugene employed in contemplating the rocks of Meilleraye, and comparing the sufferings of St. Preux to his own. His father's reflections were upon another theme; pondering on the rebels and revolutionists of Lausanne, the General regarded the stern castle of Chillon at the lake's extremity, and thought how aptly its dungeon might be stored with the leading demagogues.

At Vevay, as at Lausanne, young Eugene went first in search of the Comte D'Humières, that he might excuse his late abrupt departure, and at the same time acquaint him, that General D'Erlach begged leave to visit him.

He was soon directed to the present residence of the Count, which he was grieved to find far humbler in appearance, than even that he had occupied at Lausanne. This occasioned a minute's light reflection on the necessary scantiness of an exile's income, and no more. Eugene knocked, but neither answer coming, nor domestic appearing, he introduced himself into the little tenement, and found himself in a sort of little kitchen, where still appeared no one to answer him. He therefore ventured farther, and pushing through a door into the other apartment, he found himself, unannounced, in the presence of the Comte and Mademoiselle D'Humières.

The father and daughter were both seated with that spread before them, which was meant for their dinner, or perhaps their only repast—bread of the coarsest kind, a few herbs, and a tureen of what might well be called *soupe à l'eau*. The truth rushed at once to the mind of Eugene, and poor Rosalie's "bitter, but un-

romantic mystery" was explained to be no other than the extreme of poverty, of even want. No domestic attended. Rid of the visits of D'Erlach, and with him of their last friend, the emigrants had not feared, and had taken no precaution against intrusion during their Spartan meal. Prosper no doubt had become either neglectful, or what was more likely, incapable of remitting supplies. The proud lord of Humières and his daughter wanted wherewith to satisfy hunger.

Aghast as the old noble was at the intrusion, he still hesitated, whether he should not slur over appearances, feign the whole repast to be but its termination, a desert in fact, and still keep erect his pride in the face of famine. But an exclamation, that at the moment burst from the ingenuous and undissembling youth, betrayed that he had both seen and felt. The Count's cheek, hitherto flushed with but shame, now assumed the purple of resentment; and he was about to pour forth his

wrath on the intruder, when the appearance of a new visitor, another witness of his poverty, in the shape of the General D'Erlach himself, entered the little apartment.

Rosalie hid her face between her hands ; not that she felt shame for herself, but that she dreaded the redoubled mortification of her parent.

"Comte D'Humières," said the General, unheeding his embarrassment, "I take the liberty of an old comrade to intrude within your tent."

"I am but encamped indeed, you may say, Sir, and you, General, have not to learn, that the canvas walls of a tent have their privacy as well as the stronger ones of palaces."

"You have chosen a lovely spot," continued the General, not replying to the observation, but gazing from the cabin's little lattice out upon the Lemán. "Look yonder, Eugene, at those towns, that speck the margin of the lake : there is Meilleraye, boy, but you have found

it long since. Mademoiselle D'Humières, your taste must have selected this lovely spot."

"It was her poverty," said the Count, "and mine, that selected this mean one. We had flattered ourselves on that account to enjoy it alone."

"Pardon an intrusion, Comte D'Humières. It was wealth we came hither to crave of you."

The Count seemed perplexed at this reply.

"We are sturdy mendicants," said Eugene to Rosalie. But her resentment was not so soon appeased.

"Nay, I bring you tidings. For our emissaries at Paris supply us faithfully and speedily. And the name of Humières, of the family to whom my son has been indebted for escape, was as much the subject of my inquiries, as public events."

"Have you heard aught of Prosper?" cried the Count, forgetting pride and anger in interest for his son; "we have not heard these many months. And the cannibals—they have

not even the mercy of war, that makes public the list of slain."

"He is safe, nay, not in peril."

"Yet we hear not of him."

"The Terror has silenced pens, as well as mouths. This I can inform you, Humières has been put up for sale, as the property of an emigré."

"There," exclaimed the Count, "to my personal safety have I selfishly sacrificed the fortune, the old property of my family—"

"Nay, but hear."

"A trigger touched, or the point of a sword well directed, as hath been done by many a generous father, had paid the revolution all I owed it, and left my son his lands, a proud heritage, although republican."

"The Viscount cannot have failed to repurchase them. The revolutionary law allows it; and to this momentous need of gathering a sum," continued General D'Erlach, "you owe," he was about to say this Spartan fare,

but checking himself, added, "a momentary strait perhaps. Cannot I be your—"

Comte D'Humières held up his hand with an expression of dignified pride; but no resentment appeared on his countenance, and this, in such a man, was much. Meantime the remains of their meagre fare Rosalie had taken the opportunity to remove, and the old soldiers conversed for a considerable time together, laughed in their gray hairs at the trifling cause of pique which had occurred in their green days, and fought not a few of the old wars in Flanders "o'er again."

Eugene had in the meantime succeeded in appeasing the anger of Rosalie; and they walked forth together among the hanging vineyards, and down to the brink of the lake, pointing forth Clarens and its environs, and singling out a red picturesque chateau, with a queer, round, conical-topped tower, as the most likely one for the Baron of Wolmar to have resided in.

“I should like of all things to reside in the Vallais,” said Rosalie, “from Rousseau’s delightful description of the simplicity, beauty, and hospitality of the peasantry.”

“I trust, the Count will not be so mad, or you either, to move thither on the credit of a romance. I dread the vicinity of those convents which he once alluded to. And as to the peasantry, in despite of Rousseau, they are the ugliest race on earth, hospitable to be sure, as all very poor and very Catholic countries are, of the wretched fare they have to bestow, but——”

“No more, Eugene, I prithee, against wretched fare.”

“No more of the Vallais, then, Rosalie, I pray thee. But, I trust, my father’s conversation with the Count, will have ere this put an end to all these extravagant schemes of seclusion.”

The hint increased Rosalie’s anxiety; but I shall not follow the lovers through the conver-

sation, so peculiar to their age and feelings, that ensued.

The General had not allowed the hour of cordiality to pass by, without entering fully upon the circumstances which had induced him to visit Vevay. And the Count, in answer, spoke as frankly to the father of Eugene. He confessed having entertained, during the existence of his country's monarchy and aristocracy, hopes for his daughter not higher certainly, but other and different ones. At present, he said, there was not a nation in Europe whose sons he did not respect more than he did his own countrymen. He admired the high-spirited and gallant son of D'Erlach; he believed that his daughter entertained for him warmer feelings. He saw and approved; but at the present hour, under the existing depression of his circumstances, he could not listen to any proposal of alliance. Rosalie D'Humières should not step to the altar, but as one of her rank; nor could he think of stooping,

of sacrificing one portion of his pride to gratify another. They were both young, too young, and the world too troubled for individuals to meditate private happiness. Their union had his consent, but they must wait the future for its accomplishment.

General D'Erlach did not combat these resolutions of the Count. His opinions, the latter ones especially, coincided with his own. And the only effort he made was to overcome the old noble's scruples on other points respecting his revenues and domestic affairs, in which he at length found it impracticable to succeed. The great point, however, had been decided; and the veteran comrades walked forth with benevolent intentions of meeting the young couple, and conveying to them the tidings that interested them both.

The Comte D'Humières and General D'Erlach found their son and daughter seated on the brink of the Lemman, as happy as anxiety would allow them, admiring perhaps the

loveliest scene in nature, and that most peculiarly consecrated to the thoughts and the passion which possessed them.

Eugene and Rosalie read their fate in the eyes of their several parents. They looked upon one another and were happy.

CHAPTER VI.

COMTE D'HUMIÈRES resisted all General D'Erlach's solicitations that he would remove to Bern, where befitting society, greater security, and the absence from revolutionary tumults, rendered residence more agreeable to emigrants. But the Count was firm, and remained with his daughter, his poverty, and his pride, in his little cottage on the Lemman. Rosalie lived a stranger to all society: her birth, her disposition, and her remembrance of the Triainon did not incline her to mingle with satisfaction amongst the families of the citizens of Vevay. One exception, however, she made in favour of a young acquaintance of her

own sex, the daughter of a respectable couple, from whom the Count rented his little cabin. The emigrant noble's humble residence indeed was *addossée* or attached to the garden-wall of the citizen's more comfortable mansion; a circumstance that led the Count, and even his daughter, to look upon the *Sieur Brœnner* with even a greater quantity of *hauteur*, than that with which they kept themselves aloof from the inhabitants of *Vevay*.

Although this austere demeanour answered its purpose of freeing the Count from any troublesome civilities on the part of *Monsieur* and *Madame Brœnner*, *Louise*, their daughter, was not deterred by it from bringing the first flower of the spring, the first fruit of the autumn, and similar little homages of attention and respect to *Mademoiselle D'Humières*. The good and beautiful girl, for a more lovely never smiled or simpered beneath the picturesque straw hat of the *Vaudoises*, pitied the poverty of the emigrants, at the

same time that she did not allow this circumstance to diminish her respect. Thus reading their proud looks aright, she pressed her humble and kind attentions, without being awed or offended by the way in which they were at first received. In time, for it required months, Louise won her way to the smiles and acquaintance of Rosalie; and even the Count at length accepted her presence as an exception, her being the only intruder, her respect, and not less her beauty, pleading with the old emigrant. And the latch of the cottage door became as free to her as to Eugene; and by those alone was it ever lifted.

During the frequent absences of young D'Erlach, whose father did not allow him to linger out even the greater part of his time on the Lemán, Louise was the constant companion of Rosalie, and by no means an humble companion altogether. For the education of the young Vaudoise was as perfect, nay, perhaps surpassed that of the French girl of rank.

And each possessing what the other wanted,—
Rosalie all grace and accomplishments, and a
knowledge of the higher orders of life, Louise
instructed in the graver studies of a reformed
little community, and possessed of the sound
and steady sense that in general accompanies
such discipline, and characterizes the country
where it is prevalent,—rendered their mutual
friendship and society more strong and de-
lightful.

There was enough of diversity in opinion
too, to strengthen the charm. Religion
formed one instance; for Louise, though by
no means bigoted, always absented herself
from the cottage on days in which she ob-
served a cleric friar of the Franciscan order,
from the convent of St. Meurice, not many
miles distant, enter it on his holy errand to
the Count and his daughter. The old noble,
who had never been peculiarly scrupulous on
such points in life, especially during the time
in which he was estranged from the court, had

studied and preached *philosophism*, had grown *devot* as much from age as from a pique against the revolution. Rosalie had been always pious; and the convent of St. Meurice was the nearest receptacle of Catholic ecclesiastics. This extensive establishment seemed expressly situated, overlooking the frontier of the Protestant Canton, as if thus placing spiritual aid as nearly within the reach as possible of all true sons of the church, who happened to sojourn in or travel through the heretic region. The friar met with no molestation in his visits to Vevay, nor were he or his garb looked upon in any horror by the people of another creed; but Louise Brœnner had a reason especial and peculiar to herself for shunning the monks of St. Meurice, and more especially of dreading him, who happened always to be despatched to the summons of the Comte D'Humières.

The Frère Bernard was a native of Vevay itself, and had of course been bred up in its

reformed creed: he was a wild, an enthusiastic, and dissipated youth, given to wandering and adventures, to fits of fanaticism betimes, and licentiousness of others. He was one of those rank weeds that sometimes spring up in the most peaceful village, and which are soon got rid of, and disappear. So no doubt would Bernard have betaken himself to war, to sea, to merchandize, or robbery in foreign climes, had not an attachment, inordinate and furious as all his whims and passions, towards the mother of Louise, then a girl, even as her daughter now was, ever brought back his wandering steps to Vevay.

In these hopes, as he might naturally but did not expect, disappointed, he did not seek the customary consolation of such characters, in flight and all the forgetfulness of extravagance. But turning short in his career, he reformed at once his life and creed, and enrolled himself as a novice in the Catholic convent of St. Meurice. There by fast, vigil,

penance, and every mode of mortification, Bernard washed out the sins of his early life. He was afterward admitted a brother, and at length a cleric brother of the order, and his eloquence and energy of mind, based upon the religious knowledge which he had acquired unavoidably at Vevay, caused him to shine above his more ignorant and orthodox brethren. In short, Frère Bernard became a saint, attracted the notice of the Bishop of Sion, who shared the power of governing the Vallais with its democratic assembly; and had not the Friar's vehemence frightened, and at the same time somewhat differed in opinion from the weak prelate, the friar had been, ere the time we speak of, the Abbot of his convent.

This fresh disappointment, for his ambition was blind neither to his hopes nor deserts, had but the effect of giving a fresh spur to Bernard's sanctity. He undertook another pilgrimage among the glaciers of the Alps to the shrine of Our Lady of the Snows, he

preached and fasted, and was a burning light in those chill and solitary regions. About the period that the French revolution broke out, Frère Bernard had reached the summit of his candidate Saintship ; he was looked on as almost a prophet throughout the Vallais, and feared as somewhat all as powerful, though not so holy, throughout the Vaud. The family of Brœnner he peculiarly frightened, by affecting to take them under his protection, and though of course he had long since smothered all remains of his ancient flame, he continued to evince a zealous regard for Madame Brœnner and her daughter, whom he warned to quit the Canton of heresy, while it was yet time.

The friar however “ had fallen upon evil days.” The French revolution burst forth, promising liberty and equality to the universe ; and the population of the Lower Vallais, who felt themselves enslaved and oppressed by that of the Upper, echoed the revolutionary

cry. The enmity of the revolution to religion, its ministers, and property, was overlooked; and even the friars and abbot of St. Meurice were seen, a solitary example of monkish hallucination in favour of revolution, preaching a crusade against all tyrants. The Franciscans to be sure, are the very *tiers etat* of the religious orders, and in rank of life, as well as in *sans cullottism*, they were one with the dregs of the people in all countries. Yet even in this way it is difficult to account for the historical fact of the Jacobinism of the monks of St. Meurice.

Frère Bernard was the only one of the convent unbitten by this mania. He was too shrewd, and too consistent, not to know whither such principles tended. Confiding in his eloquence and high character, he thundered forth at once his anathemas against both his flock and his brethren, for thus sympathizing with the heretics of the Vaud, and became so fervent as to stake his reputation

and popularity in the struggle. Unluckily for the friar, powers like his, though potent to excite passions, are far less influential in allaying them. The *Bas Vallaisans* felt their slavery, and abetted by the majority of their spiritual guides, the brethren of St. Meurice, rose, despite Frère Bernard, in insurrection against their masters of the *Haut Vallais*.

The Vaudois rose at the same time against the supremacy of Bern, and a young Vevaisian, by name Levayer, distinguished himself by his ardour in the cause of liberty. In both cantons, however, the popular excitement was allayed by force. Frère Bernard flew to Sion, to the Haut Vallais, roused the rich and lordly peasantry of that region from their rustic occupations, and not allowing them time to arm themselves with other weapons than the implements of labour which they each held, the shepherd's crook, the fork, the scythe, the whip, led them against the insurgents of the Bas Vallais.

Bernard's promptitude saved the Canton from revolution, the slaves fled at the approach of their masters, and the humiliated monks of St. Meurice retired to their convent, under the conquering frown of Bernard. Bern at the same time reduced the Vaudois, and Levayer with other patriots were, according to the imagination of General D'Erlach, shut up in the castle of Chillon, till their revolutionary bile should evaporate.

From that time Frère Bernard became the tyrant of his district, as he had been before considered its tutelary saint; and he was now dreaded, as much as he had been formerly beloved. Where his frown fell, blight was sure to follow. And amongst that people of hunters and shepherds, a class of men as peculiarly superstitious as miners, fishermen, and others, the Frère soon gained the character, and was arrayed in all the terrors of a magician, of one who read the stars and influenced the fate of men. The ambitious friar failed not to grasp

at the powerful character with which he found himself thus invested, and by favouring the idea, increased the suspicion of it to confidence. Many of his numerous and supernatural modes of vengeance were whispered about. The people dreaded. His own brethren concealed all their hate and jealousy at his approach, and even the Abbot, his superior, bowed obsequious to the dreaded friar.

This was the confessor and ghostly adviser of the Comte D'Humières and his daughter. Bernard, who lorded it in his convent, losing no opportunity of displaying his garb and ascetic pride in the view of his old compatriots. The noble French emigrant too was one, whom it flattered him to visit on such errands, thus proving to the humble Vevaisians, that his creed was the creed of their betters. Moreover, this was an opportunity of either crossing the path, or entering the mansion of the Brœnners, whom he never failed to advise or menace covertly respecting certain points of their

conduct, in which the friar chose to interest himself. Being some distant relative of Madame Brœnner, this the friar made use of as a pretext to interpose his counsel.

One morning Frère Bernard paid a visit to the cottage of the Humières. On leaving it, he lingered as he passed the long low garden-wall of the Brœnners, but none of the family appearing, he made bold to enter, and demanded of the dame whom he met with, a draft of wine, as his journey was long.

“You shall have it,” said Madame Brœnner to the haughty mendicant, “though they might quench your thirst, who cause it.”

“You mean the most Noble his Excellency the Comte D’Humières,” said the friar; “the grapes of the Vaud do not grow for him. We cannot give that we have not.”

“Nor look down upon those who have.”

“Would you humble the pride of birth to the pride of the wine-vat?”

“I should like to know, what a Swiss has to do with birth,” now broke in Brœnner’s self, “except to be born of honest parents? A good vintage was all our yearly news, before their Counts and Barons came flocking in amongst us. Whereas, now each week brings us a threat from this power, an army of troops from another, riot in the streets, and soldiers in quiet citizens’ houses, war and massacre all round—and all this, because the kings of France in times past thought proper to make a law, that one-fourth of their subjects should be born to wealth, and the other three-fourths to want.”

“It was the King of kings, who made that law,” said the friar, looking at Brœnner. “Man cannot unmake it.”

“We have unmade it in the Vaud at any rate,” rejoined Brœnner. “I know of none here, save the vagabond and the scapegrace, that wants his cabin and his vineyard.”

The countenance and feelings of the monk were alike taunt-proof, and betrayed no signs of wincing under this allusion.

“ You, who are the partizan of equality, why do you not share with the poor emigré yonder?”

“ Share with him!—he is not of us, the aristocrat! Let him hie to Bern, to his brother proud ones of the council. He might, methinks, for one of the cubs of the Bernese bear comes hither often.”

“ Nay, father,” interrupted Louise, “ I have heard you say, that if Monsieur D’Humières, or his daughter, would but own they wanted, you would share with them your cup and loaf.”

“ So might I safely. Pride keeps guard at their mouths on famine within. And they may starve, who will not stoop to crave.”

“ What Bernese cub spoke you of?” asked the friar.

“ Young D’Erlach. He comes here at all

times, and on all pretexts. He was last here with the troops of Bern, when they erected their military tribunal at Rolle, raised a contribution from us here, and put young Levayer and some gallant youths yonder in the old dungeon at Chillon. They are not the first martyrs that dungeon has held."

"Martyrs!" repeated the friar, crossing himself, and horrified at such profanation of the term. "They are youths of over-hot blood. The cold breeze, that blows over the lake into Chillon will cool them."

"Poor Levayer," said Brœnner, "he should have been ere this united to our Louise, but that the bear has clawed him. Nay, don't weep, Louise, we'll see the lad out of the brute's fangs yet, and then—

"Brœnner," said the friar, standing up, "hold you to your resolution of giving Louise to that firebrand of the Vaud?"

"In truth do I, friar Bernard."

"In despite of all my warnings?"

“In despite of all your menaces, friar, all your tricks, and all your necromancy.”

“Father, father,” cried Louise, “anger not the Frère Bernard.”

“Get ye gone, for a superstitious slut,” cried the father. “Think you I fear his black looks, or his black books, his communion with the Devil on the Diablerets, or with the Archangel Gabriel on the Mont Blanc. Let the Cretins fear him on the other side of the bridge, they that have pouches beneath their chins, to hold their faith, the race of ideots! Fill his can, dame, with another half-bottle-full of the Cote: good wine will cure his sourness, if aught will, and put at least an honester devil into him, than that with which he pretends to fright people. Drink, my old acquaintance, Bernard.”

“I craved a cup for needful vigour, Brœnner,” answered the friar, “for the sun hath set and risen, since I broke bread. More than this,” said he, taking the cup, “will I never

ask of thy vintage, and even this not for my own mouth."

"Nay," said Brœnner, "if there be more of the fasting brethren of St. Meurice waiting without, bring them in in the name of plenty, and let them eat. We have wherewithal to satisfy them."

"It is a wide mouth I pour this into," said the friar, casting the contents of his cup upon the ground, "and one that will witness against thee, Brœnner, thy blindness, thy inhospitality, thy rudeness. Thou shalt remember Frère Bernard, ere you fill this cup to the health of your hopeful bridegroom."

"Get thee away with thy impious mummery—spilling good wine forsooth—'twere less wasted even in thy throat. We do not press the nightshade and the evil berry on this side the bridge. The wine we press is the growth of industry and freedom. It has been never yet known to shoot beneath the walls of a convent."

“According as ye sow, so shall ye reap,” said the friar; “Heaven forbid, that the seeds of drunkenness and riot, or even of the wealth that engenders bloated pride, should spring up for us. But I am forbidden to preach on this side the Lemman. I come not as the monk, but as the friend, to offer counsel.”

“Why spill my wine then, grave counsellor? Those boyish tricks do not become thy shaven crown.”

“Father, father!” cried Louise.

“Go, girl, did you not hear his threat against Levayer, thy own brave gallant, whom this very monk has helped to shut up in Chillon? But they cannot hang him—this at least is a comfort.”

“I should think not,” said the monk, with a grin, “yet Chillon contains all implements and conveniencies thereto necessary, though they have not been used since the days of the Dukes of Savoy.”

“Bernard,” said Brœnner, “depart and take

thy way in peace. And let no evil blood arise betwixt creed and creed, canton and canton. It must be with a design, that you stir up my passions. Go."

"You will give then my fair Louise to Levayer?"

"Thy Louise, hell-hound?"

"Mine in the paternal interest I take." There was some thought in Brœnner's mind, that made this observation of the monk's fall like a spark on his inflammable temper. He sprang up, and, seizing the monk, pushed him towards the door.

"He hath laid hands on me," cried the monk, "witness all. Another lavange shall not fall, till you rue this," added Bernard, as he adjusted his cowl, and departed.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANTIME the revolution became, in the person of its hero, Bonaparte, universally victorious. "The war," to use the words of Barras, "commenced forty leagues from Paris, ceased thirty leagues from Vienna." The peace of Campo Formio which left revolutionary interests and partizans triumphant in France, communicated to them analogous force in neighbouring countries. Bâle adopted of its own accord a more free and popular form of government. Bonaparte in his return from his victories to Paris, took the opportunity of his traversing Switzerland to display his opinions and future views while in the Vaud, he lingered in each town, attending balls, civic

feasts, and acted at once the citizen and the affable hero. At Bern, on the contrary, he took no pains to conceal his hatred and disgust, and did not smother his menaces. The young hero too visited the field of Morat *en connoisseur*, and most truly so, as he expressed his contempt for the gallantry of the old Swiss republicans: the same liberality of sentiment was evinced by his words and feelings, as when at Argues he declared Henri Quatre scarce a soldier, and when on the Rhine, could find no merit in the tactics of Turenne.

The entry of Bonaparte into Vevay caused the Comte D'Humières, now sinking with age, a fit of illness. To Louise Brœnner he brought back happiness, as in his passage by Chillon, he had ordered the patriot captives of the Vaud to be liberated, and neither guard or gaoler dared to disobey him. Young Levayer entered Vevay in his train, and joy and gladness filled the town as well as the mansion of the Brœnners. It was some months after the

visit of the Frère Bernard, and Brœnner was gladdened to think, that by the union of Levayer and his daughter, he should not only make them happy, but spite the rancorous Franciscan.

Rosalie sympathized in the happiness of Louise: and contrasted and opposed as were the lovers of each, the bond of congenial sentiment united them. Levayer, as a patriot, hated the very name of D'Erlach, and he in turn despised his *subject*, as the aristocrats of Bern were wont to term the inhabitants of the Vaud. But as Levayer never entered the dwelling of the emigrant, knowing how slight a breath is apt to blast popularity, the opposed youths never met, nor were afforded an opportunity of increasing their political dislike into personal hatred.

A day was fixed for the marriage of the young Vaudoise patriot and the daughter of Brœnner. Mademoiselle D'Humières, in friendship for the maiden, offered to honour

the ceremony with her presence, and to accompany Louise, as bridesmaid, to the altar, a condescension on her part, that would have angered the Count grievously, had he been aware of it. And indeed she herself forgot, at the moment of the proffer, that the rite and the altar were other than she had been wont to look upon as the only holy.

Misfortunes and wandering, however, had taught Rosalie toleration: nor did she retract her promise to Louise. The morning came. All Vevay seemed to participate in the happiness of Levayer, the *fête* seemed to be that of the canton, not of an individual. It had been arranged that the bridegroom should proceed from his native town, accompanied by his friends, and the church of Vevay was the place of rendezvous for the procession of both. No traveller, who hath passed along the banks of the Lemman, has failed to visit this church, which, for the mere view that it commands, is well worthy of a distant pilgrimage. It is

situated on an eminence above the town, which it commands, like a Gothic keep,—and not inaptly too. For the true strong-hold of the little Reformed community was the site of its religious worship. Within, the black slab, sacred to the memory of the English republican, Ludlow, records his gratitude for an asylum granted, and at the same time the courageous and independent generosity of the little state.

Here then were the blushing Louise, and her attendant friends assembled. The town clock had long since struck the appointed hour of rendezvous, and that fixed for the actual ceremony was fast approaching. Still was there no sign of Levayer, nor of his friends, nor tidings of them. Doubt, suspicion, and alarms, diversely founded, spread through the little crowd; and, as it happened for the most part to be a female one, not the silence, but the murmur of suspense began to reign throughout it. Messengers were de-

spatched: but none had yet returned when the minister, in his habiliments, made his appearance at the broad marble table, which serves that religious sect for altar. The clock again told the hour; every eye was directed towards the church portal. And into it at the moment walked a figure in bridal apparel. Levayer the figure certainly was not.

Many shrieked, all clamoured, and poor Louise fainted. Who was the audacious gallant, that had substituted himself in place of Levayer? By what force did he come prepared to support his violence? Was it an act of vengeance on the part of the Bernese aristocrats, to punish the young patriot by depriving him of his bride? These were the questions and conjectures that at first were uttered and entertained. But on beholding the figure bedecked as bridegroom, these all vanished, and gave place to other and more fearful opinions.

The intruder, whom it seemed as if none

dared to question or to touch, was of similar height and form with Levayer, nay, strikingly similar. His garments even appeared to be those of that youth; the features however were those of a Cretin, and of one of the most disgusting and misformed of that idiot race. As most of them, he bore resemblance to a goat, reminding one with horror of the *insani amores caprini*, known to exist in mountainous and barbarous regions: A huge *goître* hung beneath his chin. Evidently deprived of the power of utterance, he muttered some disgusting jargon. And all fled in horror from his approach. The circumstance most strange and appalling, however, was, that in the midst of all this idiot and debased expression of countenance, there still lurked something that reminded the beholder of Levayer.

Superstitious dread laid hold on all present. Such metamorphoses had been heard of; and magicians of power to transform their enemies had been known to exist, especially in the

neighbouring Vallais. That this Cretin was Levayer himself, changed and brutified by some power akin to that of Circe, was the opinion entertained. Brœnner thought immediately of the Frère Bernard, and his menaces; but he withheld his credulity and despair till the return of the messengers. They came at length, and with them the relatives of Levayer in perplexity and distraction. The Cretin had come forth that morning from the apartment of the youth, thus clad, while of Levayer's self no trace nor tidings could be procured. There was no way of accounting either for the disappearance of the one, or of the introduction of the other into his apartment.

Poor Louise was led home in such distraction as may be conceived; whilst Mademoiselle D'Humières, equally horror-struck, was unable even to attempt consolation. The town authorities laid hold upon the unfortunate Cretin, but the uncle of Levayer, himself

of the municipal council, interfered ; and, persuaded that all was the trick of witchcraft and enchantment, led home the idiot in a dubious mood, whether to tend him as his blood, or wreck vengeance on him as the cause of his loss and disappointment.

Rosalie, fortunately for instant relief, or rather the exchange of horror for anxiety, found the Count, in all the querulous impatience of the old and the sick, awaiting her return.

“ Here has been your ghostly guide and confessor, Mademoiselle,” cried the Comte, as if his peevishness on account of her absence had been excited on the monk’s account, not upon his own.

“ Frère Bernard,” cried Rosalie, startled, “ has he been to Vevay this day ?”

“ He hath been here not long since.”

“ I wonder he did not tarry, he was not wont to be so impatient.”

“ He had heard, my girl, of your errand to

yon conventicle, and no doubt thought his services useless."

"Nay, father, can you be so—cruel," said Rosalie, substituting another word for that which was upon her tongue, "as to blame any kindness to an humble friend. In adversity we have but it to bestow in return for many favours."

"Why accept them, girl, especially from the base-born and blind. But I have seen enough of this place and of the hold it has laid upon you, and am determined, while reason is yet left me, to remove to die elsewhere."

"Oh, my father, what a thought! It is Friar Bernard, who has filled your mind with these unhappy suspicions."

"It is even he, a worthy and a reverend counsellor."

"What could he insinuate against poor Louise?"

"Nay, nothing against the girl. I even like

her, her innocent mien and respectful ways— But the very air of the place is odious to me—it is infectious. Democracy riots in it, I hear hourly its bacchanal shouts. And all the town wants, is the erection of a scaffold to complete the picture. The old aristocrat must be gone. Prepare yourself, my girl. Nay, I am not in anger. Some presentiment makes me restless, and urges me to depart. Another evening must not find us on the Lemman.”

Rosalie hastened to obey her parent in making preparations for leaving Vevay. Except for poor Louise, the sudden resolution no wise grieved her. She had been too much weighed down by calamity to admit of her bestowing much affection on the scene and the objects around. And the recollection of Humières, bleak and northern as were the climate and aspect of her native place, with all the proud and now sad thoughts associated with them, had not left her leisure to be-

come attached even to the shores of the Leman. Far her father could not journey in his present state of health, so that she must still remain within reach of the visits and tidings of D'Erlach. Perhaps—she hoped, but dared not express the wish—it was towards Bern that their steps would be turned. All selfish fears were quiet in her breast.

Rosalie hurried to communicate the tidings to her friend, who was in that torpid state of despair that precluded her feeling the farther deprivation she was about to undergo, the Brønners frowned and seemed more hurt than their daughter, as if their aristocratic tenant fled from the evil fortune of their house. But the sincere adieus of Rosalie undeceived them; and the blunt, honest people, plainly intimating how likely Rosalie was soon to be friendless and an orphan, offered, if ever she should find herself in that predicament, their house as a home. The tears of Mademoi-

selle D'Humières thanked them. She embraced the sorrowful Louise; and on the morrow father and daughter departed from Vevay.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Count took the road through Moudon, that led northward to many towns in Switzerland, and amongst others to Bern. Ever fond of a sort of diplomatic reserve, even in trifles, he withheld his final intention from his daughter; and she, refraining from questions, could only learn from chance information, that their course tended more and more directly, as they advanced, to Bern. At Freyburg however, fatigue and indisposition compelled the Count to pause. He took a day, a week, to recruit his strength, but his vigour was gone. A letter summoned General D'Erlach to Freyburg, and the veteran soldier hurried

thither. It was to close the eyes of his old comrade, and to receive from his hand the sacred trust of his daughter Rosalie. The scene and circumstances might allow of more ample description. They are left, however, to be filled up by the reader's imagination,—nay, several succeeding months, as far as they concern the thoughts and sorrows of the heroine, must be supplied from the same source.

Shortly before the old *emigré* had left Vevay, the French, at the same time that they took military possession of a part of Switzerland belonging to the bishoprick of Bâle, had interfered with the Bernese for the protection, or rather liberation, of the canton of the Vaud. This naturally increased the pride and revenge of its ruling city, at the same time that it swelled the spirit of insubordination in the Vaud. Commissioners were dispatched from Bern to see to the safety of the province, and at the same time to demand a fresh oath of

allegiance from the Vaudois. Insurrection was the immediate consequence. And nowhere did it burst forth with more violence than at Vevay and Lausanne, the minds of the people being the more agitated from the recent loss of their most popular leader. So far did it spread, so boldly and quickly did it assume conduct and organization, that the Castle of Chillon, the only strong-hold of the Bernese power in the Vaud, and like the Bastile at a similar epoch, garrisoned only by invalids, experienced the same fate with that prison-fortress, in being taken by the insurgent Vaudois. This was in January, 1798. It was then that the motto of *Liberté et Patrie*, that still adorns the castle of the Dukes of Savoy, and the dungeon of Bonnivard, was first affixed to its walls. And ere that month was concluded (so fully did the work of revolution thrive) the green cockade of independence was in every Vaudois hat, and the Republic of the Lemman was proclaimed, as was many a short-

lived republic of those days, under the protection of French bayonets.

As this, however, was the act of the people of the Vaud, assembled, as they might plead, in legitimate insurrection, the French were not openly at war with the senate of Bern. A pretext was still wanting. And this, chance immediately afforded them. General Ménard despatched an officer accompanied by two hussars to the Bernese commander. Arriving at Thierrens, on the frontiers, they did not answer the challenge of the sentinels, perhaps unintelligible, as delivered in German. The sentinels fired, the hussars fell, and the unfortunate accident, swelled out in addresses and proclamations into a most flagrant act of aggression, afforded to the French the desired plea for commencing hostilities.

Whilst these events were passing in the south of Switzerland, the deputies of the several Cantons assembled in a Diet at Aarau, were taking into consideration the critical state of

their common country. They at first were inclined to compound differences with France, and to leave Bern to combat alone with her enemy. But at some fresh insult or threat of invasion on the part of the French, the deputies took umbrage and courage at once. And at the same time that the Vaudois patriots were calling in the French to support their young republic, the Swiss patriots assembled at Arau, took a solemn oath of union, of alliance, and inseparability. They began with the mention of the three first liberators of Switzerland, and recalled the celebrated oath of Grutli to render their own more sacred. The spirit of Tell, however, was extinct. The tidings of the Lemman republic, of the unfortunate death of the two hussars, and of the menaces of the French, arrived on that same evening; and, the members of the diet, more terrified at the consequences they foresaw, than mindful of the oath they had sworn, all fled, each betaking himself homeward with all the speed

and terror possible. "As if thunder had fallen amongst them," says an historian, "the diet separated, leaving, for the instruction of our age, a memorable example of the difference betwixt an oath of the eighteenth, and one of the fourteenth century."

Bern, thus abandoned to herself, felt even within her walls, the difference and strength of opinions, that then divided almost all the states of Europe. De Steiger and D'Erlach were at the head of the aristocratic party, who preferred natural independence to all consideration; De Frisburg, the treasurer, at the head of the other, preached moderation, and the necessity of appeasing the French by submissions. This latter party unfortunately predominated, the Bernese constitution was modified in hopes of satisfying the enemy. But as any thing short of anarchy did not suit the designs of the French, their commands to the Bernese were to dismiss all the existing magistrates, and dissolve the state at

once into a pure democracy. A deputation from Bern was dispatched to the French General, Brune, to obtain some mitigation of this harsh decree. An armistice of fifteen days, to allow the citizens time for consideration, was the sole favour granted.

What was the anxiety, the anguish, that pervaded the house of the D'Erlachs, during this time of suspense and of doubt, as to the continuance or annihilation of their ancient republic! The old General commanded the little Bernese army, that occupied the frontier, and feebly menaced the invading force of Brune. His son, Eugene, at such a time, could not fail to be in the same ranks. When the armistice, however, was declared, father and son returned to Bern, to aid by their voices and exertions the patriotic party, that held for independence and for defending their country at all risks by open force.

These circumstances were of the highest, almost the sole, interest to Rosalie, now resi-

dent in the family of the D'Erlachs. Some months' interval since her parent's death, had assuaged, if not removed, the grief consequent thereon. And midst the paternal tenderness, which she now experienced in the hospitable mansion of the Bernese noble, Mademoiselle D'Humières was scarcely allowed to recollect, that she was an orphan. Ere the cloud of French fraternization or invasion had absolutely burst over the country of her protectors, it had been arranged by them, and agreed to by Rosalie, that, when the space of a year from the death of the Comte D'Humières had elapsed, she should be united to Eugene. The subsequent distresses of her lover's country, however, and the approaching crisis of its fate, removed to doubt and distance that appointed hour. It would have been then even selfish to ponder upon, or sorrow for such disappointment. More was at stake and in jeopardy, than the mere deferring of hopes. The lives and fortunes of Eugene and his family were

involved in the struggle about to ensue. Even she herself might be deprived of her present asylum, as the daughter of an *émigré*, without the prospect of finding another beyond the reach of her enemies.

The same anxieties would no doubt have filled the bosom of Eugene, had it not been necessarily pre-occupied with national ardour and indignation, with martial and patriotic zeal, with the idea of victoriously repelling the insolent invaders, and winning the independence, they feared for, in the bold way which had first obtained it for Switzerland, by the edge of the sword. With all his son's courage, but with more than his experience and reflection, General D'Erlach feared the consequences even of a bold combat for their rights. Still his wish and counsel was to risk that combat, rather than submit tamely to the invader. This opinion he urged on all, and supported every where, that another Morat could alone save Switzerland, or a defeat, worthily con-

tested, alone permit her to fall without ignominy.

It was a severe and dismal winter, the gloom of which the huge German stoves, that heated the apartments of the mansion, did not much contribute to dissipate. The river was heard to roll more rapidly and chilly its accumulated tide. The snow not only covered the loftier Alps, but even weighed down the pine-clumps and groves, that top the minor eminences around Bern. The unusual bustle in the town, the frequent counsels, the shouted proclamations, the passage and repassage of troops, of expresses, through a city, for many centuries the abode of peace, drove comfort and quiet from every heart. Here rode some haughty military envoy and his suite from the French camp, and down the same street poured in an opposite direction the wild peasants of the Oberland, marching to swell the ranks of Bern with their undisciplined and savage number.

“What tidings to-day, Eugene?” asked Rosalie, of young D’Erlach, who had just entered.

“None save the old and customary, dear Rosalie, irresolution, doubt, suspense; neither the courage to be bold, nor the patience to submit. And these French republicans make use of as many wiles, as if we were the strong, and they the weak. They corrupt the soldiers, the people, to treason, to liberty, to I know not what. I fear almost as much those wild Swiss of the Oberland, that swell our ranks, as I do your countrymen themselves.”

“They seem enthusiastic for Bern.”

“True Swiss, enthusiastic to the highest degree, but as suspicious—A word that they construed wrongly, and they would turn their arms against their very general.”

A troop of them in passing at the moment, cried, “Live D’Erlach!” as if in answer to his doubts of them.

“Accept the omen, Eugene.”

“Yes, from your mouth, gladly, Rosalie; though I dread and mistrust that of the popular cry.”

“Nay, you are over aristocratic.”

“I have seen so many specimens of rabble both in your country and mine.”

“Yet do you know, Eugene, be it patriotism or caprice, I do feel some yearnings of admiration towards my republican compatriots.”

“You, Rosalie!”

“Their gallantry has covered so many crimes.”

“I witnessed the tenth of August.”

“Mention it not,—I think but of the hundred victories.”

“And the Triainon, Rosalie. Have you forgotten that scene, or the fate of—”

The tears that gushed from the eyes of Rosalie checked D'Erlach from uttering the name that was on his tongue, that of Queen Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth.

"There was no need, Eugene," said Rosalie, after a pause, "of forcing so suddenly upon me these recollections. It seems as if you reproached me for forgetting them."

"Me reproach!—That were as impossible as you to forget. Pardon my zeal, Rosalie. But when I reflect on all the crimes of these republican French, and what they now aim at—my country's subjection, my free, humble, though not ignoble country, I cannot hear them with patience lauded, especially by one I love."

"Eloquently pleaded, and you shall have your pardon. But do allow me some patriotism, though it be but in jest."

"Were it but for my speedy hopes of happiness blighted, I should hate them for it. If Bern fall, they are blighted, perhaps for ever; will that thought bear a jest?"

"Am I then not considered worthy," said Rosalie, "to share the fortunes of the D'Er-lachs?"

“Worthy—no, not worthy of flight, of privation, of misery, of pain.”

“Nay, all these I have been used to—they have been my school and heritage. I will teach you to bear them, Eugene.”

“But with the chill and savage regions of the Alps for our only place of refuge, with murderous war for our occupation, where would be the place or protection for the daughter of Humières.”

“General D’Erlach has promised to be a father to me. I will not forsake him,” said Rosalie.

Eugene did not reply.

“But why think of flight, of these extreme disasters? an army still is under your father’s command. There are Swiss hearts and hands in it, up and armed for their native land.”

“True—’tis too soon to despair.”

“Not too soon, my son,” said the old General himself, entering, “if for the brave and upright there ever come a time for such.

The armistice was but a trick of Brune's, till Schauenbourg should join him. And now with their united forces, they need no longer keep measures with our feeble council, and our petty army."

"The thousands number few, father," said Eugene, "but they are Swiss, and encamped on the field of Morat."

The General smiled at his son's zeal.

"Rosalie has been preaching courage to me," continued the youth.

"Well done, my girl. But was there cause? Does Eugene D'Erlach need the trumpet of a fair tongue to awaken his spirit?"

"In truth do I," replied the youth, "especially when anxieties for its fate makes me imagine and fear the worst."

"Nay, he was wild before you entered, Sir," continued Rosalie; "he talked of the Oberland, of the savage fastnesses where you were to take shelter,—and where I was not to follow.—Was he not both false and cruel?"

“I know not, dear Rosalie, since you do touch upon the subject.—Defeat would go hard with us; for never will D'Erlach in Bern bow his head to the foreigner. For thee, indeed, I should be then perplexed.”

“I will follow you, General D'Erlach,” said Rosalie firmly.

“What, to the Oberland?—But come, let us not contemplate so sad an event. Despite the augmentation of the French, I have hopes, on the other hand, of bringing our council to a resolution worthy of them—to one of vigour. The God of justice and of Morat may not fail us.”

“Hath aught newly occurred?”

“Brune, after some days cajoling of our deputies, secure at length in his increased force, has dismissed them with commands for unconditional submission. The council must feel at length the uselessness of moderation. We will muster the officers, and entreat them, since negociations fail to save the honour of

their country, that they will entrust it to her soldiers."

"A glorious project. I will to the army this noon."

"Do, my son."

"How I envy you the ardour that smothers anxiety and pain," said Rosalie. "My two countries combat one another. I dare not rejoice."

"Thy prayers must be for us, despite your patriotism."

"I fear so."

"Then—to a happier meeting."

"Forget not Prosper, Eugene, should you meet my brother in the ranks of France."

"Nay, he loves argument too well to be a soldier. He is to be found amongst the ruling civilians of his precious land, I dare be sworn, although as yet we have not heard of him."

The General and Eugene here parted from Mademoiselle D'Humières, and each betook himself to the office of stirring up the

council to a firm resolve: the son, by bringing the officers of the army to demand an order to engage; the father, to dispose severally the Bernese citizens to be propitious to the request.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONGST the many and important political truths, which came to the light and to full proof during the course of the French Revolution, there was none more completely established, than the total worthlessness and ineptitude of a government purely or principally aristocratic, to support the state through a trying crisis. Of all other qualities, dignity and courage might naturally be supposed incapable of forsaking a high-born and hereditary assembly of rulers; yet never did history present a more striking lack of both, than in the fall of the two great aristocratic republics of Venice and Bern. The latter, 'tis true,

shewed in the field some personal bravery amongst her sons, by which the famed queen of the Adriatic did not redeem her weaknesses. The Italian city may be said to have been corrupted, and Montesquieu might urge that the decay of public spirit proceeded from the want of morals and private virtue. But this could not be true of the citizens of Bern, who, amidst all their wealth and dignity, retained the austere morals and frugal habits of their mountain ancestors. Yet accustomed for later centuries to trim their way with modesty and caution, avoiding any conflict with the superior powers by which they were surrounded, long acquired habits of timidity could not be shaken off in the right season. The ancient days, when the pride of Austria and Burgundy fled in discomfiture before the freemen of Switzerland, were forgotten. With a brave army of two-and-twenty thousand warriors in their frontier, headed by the historic name of D'Erlach, the descendant

of the hero of Laupen, they still negociated and delayed, and destroyed utterly the nerve and *morale* of their little army, by evincing from their hourly irresolutions that they despaired of its courage and success. The French took every advantage of this discontent of the Bernese troops opposed to them, and disseminated printed and other reports amongst them, that they were sold, betrayed; that D'Erlach himself, who had long served in France, was leagued with their enemies; and that the council of Bern merely kept up a show of negociation to deceive the people. Despondency, suspicion, rage, and hidden mutiny, pervaded the ranks of the Bernese.

General D'Erlach felt mortified at the cold reception which he of late received from his army. He could not penetrate their suspicions; it never could have gleamed upon his conception, that a Swiss could have entertained suspicions of his patriotism. He acknowledged however the justice of their dis-

content, which he himself shared. And this was one of the causes which drove him to the resolution which he announced to Rosalie.

His son found no difficulty in collecting the leading officers of the army ; and his proposal to them to petition in person the council, that they might be permitted to engage, was at once persuasion. They accompanied him on the moment of his return to Bern ; and the next morning nearly a hundred warriors, headed by the veteran D'Erlach, presented themselves to the council, and demanded permission to attack their national enemy on the expiration of the truce.

The council could not refuse. Shame prevented some ; the sight and prayers of so many of these gallant compatriots communicated enthusiasm to others. The order was given ; D'Erlach set forth with it to the camp, and measures were taken for attacking the French on the second of March. General Brune was not long ignorant of their disposi-

tion. Though strong enough to have acted the lion, he thought a little of the cunning and at the same time meanness of the fox, safer; and he immediately dispatched an aid-de-camp to Bern to propose farther negociations to the wavering council. The order of attack was accordingly suspended, more submissions to the will of the French were made and proclaimed. The army was in indignation. D'Erlach hurried to Bern.

This was the moment Brune selected for his advance.

The armistice had not expired. And the first sign the Bernese had of its rupture was the sound of the French cannon, as Brane attacked the two extremities of the Swiss line. The French met with enemies altogether unprepared, and slumbering upon the faith of an armistice. The Swiss were driven in, defeated, and Freyburg and Soleure taken possession of by the French.

Eugene D'Erlach was at Morat with the

the centre of the Swiss, all expecting to fight, on the same field where the bones of their Burgundian enemies still lay heaped, another battle for their liberties. Their flank discovered on both sides by the stratagem and treason of Brune, they could not resolve to quit that spot so dear and glorious to them. In their rage the peccant soldiery seized upon their officers, and slew several as victims to their rage and suspicion. The name of D'Erlach, to which was still attached a lingering reverence, alone saved Eugene from the fate of his comrades. The centre at length fell back upon Bern.

General D'Erlach rallied the fugitives, and taking post with them at Fraubrounn, resolved to strike the last blow for his country: Eugene was with him. Even his old friend De Steiger, seeing that Bern could no longer be served in council, took the field at eighty years, and determined to witness at least the last struggle against the invader. Many of De Steiger's

age joined the forlorn hope of Swiss independence at Fraubruonn. And three hundred Bernese women, armed with forks and implements of husbandry, formed a phalanx, not the least fired with zeal against the French.

'Twas yet dark. The advanced posts of the French under Schauenbourg were within hearing of voice. And for the first time since the breach of the armistice, the murmurs of the Swiss soldiery, those few rallied under D'Er-lach, were hushed.

"Have you been to the paternal house, Eugene?" said the General to his son.

"My duty called me not thither. I have been at Morat and am here."

"Much calls thee thither, boy. Thine arm is not wanting here. There are divers objects of importance that must be secured."

"If Bern falls, father, may not all perish in the ruins. Should we have a hope to survive her?"

"Ay, and to avenge. The orphan daughter

of Humières must not be left to these Jacobins. That is a sacred trust, and you must see to its safe keeping."

"To-morrow I will see to it."

"Now, Eugene, or 'twill be too late."

"Do not unman me, father. Thou thyself wouldst be the first to feel Eugene D'Erlach's absence from this last field of Bern."

"Forgive that I feel your presence. The age of Roman fathers is no more."

"Does D'Erlach speak of the last field of Bern," said old De Steiger, who stood near, "rather say the first of Switzerland. The Alps are behind us. In their snows shall the oppressors of Bern find graves."

Little was the old *avoyer* aware how literally his prophecy was to be fulfilled, how soon, or that it was to be by the hands of the most remote of the European powers, of Russia, in fine.

"The Father of the state," said D'Erlach, "should betake himself thither at once, nor needlessly expose his person in this struggle."

“Fear not for me, D’Erlach,” replied the old man, “I am no braver than my neighbours. And if Heaven be not pleased to grant me so honourable a grave as I desire, I will not fail to retreat with our standard-Bear.”

“Mark you,” said Eugene, “the far side of the distant Alps already feels the sun. Their outline brightens, and will soon be golden.—God! that these sublime and mighty masses should have no sense of their land’s degradation, no natural pulse to sympathize with it! Shall nature speak to the soul in thousand ways, and yet have none even in her noblest scenes!”

The old men smiled at the enthusiasm and extravagance of the youth.

“Think’st thou then, that the Providence, whose presence thou feelest most awfully in these lofty regions, doth not behold us by our expiring night-fire?”

“I should say, he had removed his face from the earth.”

“ Boy, is this an hour to be impious ?”

“ Nay, hadst thou been reared in yon court of France, as I have been, basked in boyhood beneath the smiles of its queen, and the benignant aspect of its meek monarch, and witnessed the slow death by which their noble souls were tortured, till at last their persons were profaned by an ignominious fate. Hadst thou grown up beneath the shade of these monstrous acts, and felt them weigh upon the mind—had ye seen the impious, the low, the sanguinary thrive, and climb to power, whilst all that was virtuous, all that was just, pined, shrunk, and suffered. Had ye seen this the fate of life amongst individuals, as ye now see it amongst nations, ye would believe with me, that Providence, like the Heathen Astrea, had forsaken the earth.”

The Statesman and the General felt too much, to allow them to reprove the youth. The sun rose black for the nobly-born in those

days. And those, on whom, just at that time springing up in chivalrous thoughts and hopes, the blight, the unintelligible persecution came, might well be subject both to entertain and to preach the counsel of "Curse God, and die."

"D'Erlach," said his father, "what thoughts are these for the sun-rise of a field of battle? The dull despair of cankered age coming from the mouth of youth is an ill omen."

"Omen!" replied his son, heated in his bitterness of mood; "worse cannot come, worse cannot bode, than is."

"Young man," said De Steiger, "your presumption is extreme. Those who pretend to fathom ill, and say they are at the lowest, may find a pit still deeper. Tempt not ill fortune, she is irascible and vengeful—hark! Schauenbourg's already stirring!"

Day was in truth breaking, and the lofty Alps betokened the sun's approach by their

first faint flush of red. Their peaks were already illumed, and clear to the sight, whilst darkness was still spread o'er plain and valley ; and the handful of gallant Swiss at Fraubrounn was scarcely distinguishable from the army of invaders that lay around and before them in treble numbers. The muster, the clatter of arms, the soldiers' murmurs, and the stern commands, were still heard in the twilight. But the instant day rendered each army visible to the other, the cannon of both invaders and defenders loudly preluded the strife.

Schauenbourg himself led on his troops against a handful of women and fugitives, as he imagined ; and it was truly a band of heroines, whom D'Erlach could not drive from the field, that first opposed the onset of the French. Nearly two hundred females found amongst the slain, attest their obstinacy. One named Glar, it is recorded, with two daughters and three grand-daughters sur-

rounding her, perished at Fraubrounn. These, to me at least, are revolting traits of heroism; but the disgust they inspire is not excited against the victims, but against those who excited such unnatural zeal.

The records of Bernese valour on this occasion are chiefly and almost alone to be found in the narratives of their enemies, in the dispatches of Schauenbourg, and the columns of the *Moniteur*.* The band of Leonidas and the heroes of Marathon fought not with more courage in the same cause, than did the gallant Swiss. Unfortunately, the intrepidity and discipline, which their enemies had acquired in combating for their independence, was here turned against the freedom of others with signal ingratitude; and even the virtuous de-

* “ Ces braves gens, dispersés et sans autres armes que des faux et des bâtons, venaient se placer à la bouche des canons, et se faisaient écraser par la mitraille. Lors même que, par humanité, les soldats Français voulaient les épargner et leur criaient de se rendre, ils se jetaient sur les canons pour empêcher qu’ on avançât sur leur patrie.” *Moniteur*, 3d. Germinal (23 March), 1798.

spair of freemen availed not against the numbers and military experience of the French. Yet with all this, whilst the combat was betwixt man and man, bayonet and bayonet (for Schauenbourg had expected to carry the field at the first charge), the French were worsted, even by their own avowal. The flying artillery, till that day unknown to the Swiss, was brought forward to mow them down, and force them, not to flight, but to momentary retreat. Every half mile brought a rally and a combat. "Scarcely were they driven from one post, than they rallied upon another," writes Schauenbourg. "It is a thing incredible, that a people, who had not been at war for upwards of two hundred years, could have thus the skill and hardihood to fight five successive actions."

Driven from Fraubrounn, the French still found the little phalanx firm at Uertnee, again at Grauholz, and for the last rally not far distant from the gates of Bern. During the

latter combats of the day's action, fought often hand to hand, as must be the case in hot pursuit and obstinate retreat, the bravest or most alert of both armies came, from a kind of hostile acquaintance formed throughout the day, to recognize and single out each other. Eugene D'Erlach was thus perilously honoured by many of the French, the more willingly and peculiarly so on their part, in that his dress, though ornamented but as was ordained for his rank, still bespoke him one of the nobly-born and well-considered of his country. The young Bernese aristocrat was therefore marked out as a worthy enemy by the French, who felt all the injustice and dishonour of butchering peasants armed and bravely fighting for their native soil.

The French soldiers had not at that time been modernized. The infantry still wore the three-cocked hat, and long gaiters, which disappeared under the empire. The light cavalry, though not so mustachioed as at present,

wore long corkscrew curls from their temples, with drops of lead appended thereto, as singular a piece of military dandyism as any which yet exists in these dandy-corps. The uniform at all events was a complete disguise: and Eugene could recognise none of his old comrades or acquaintance amongst his enemies, the greater part indeed of whom must have emigrated. Amongst the many, with whom Eugene D'Erlach crossed swords in this conflict, was one French hussar of inferior rank—he bore merely the *galons* or V's of a serjeant; none however surpassed him in gallantry, in the foremost place, or the readiest blow. Eugene at first, in aristocratic desire of a worthier enemy, shunned the gallant serjeant, who perhaps felt the slight, and therefore determined to avenge it. For oft checking his uplifted sabre, or striking but with its innoxious flat on the thick heads of the Alpine peasants, he turned its edge with good will

increased from so many blows forborne, upon D'Erlach.

The youths (the Frenchman, though somewhat, could be little older than the Swiss), first exchanged blows at Wertnee, but the rout and retreat separated them. At Grauholtz, however, they met again; after an obstinate struggle the Swiss were driven from its *plâteau*, and young D'Erlach had always the mortification of being forced to fly. This he might have done from numbers, but singled out as he had been, he could not bring himself to turn his back again without putting to fair proof his own strength and that of his peculiar enemy. He therefore faced the serjeant hussar, and engaged a combat with him apart, whilst his father and friends continued their retreat on Bern. There was chivalry enough in the pursuers not to interfere betwixt two equal and gallant foes, especially as the combatant on their side was not of that eminent

rank which made it of importance to aid or rescue him.

Abandoned therefore to themselves, the cavaliers exerted every nerve and art to overmaster each other. But of equal strength and agility, the victory became impossible to decide, and the arms of both dropped by their sides, ere a single scar, or more than a scar at least, had been inflicted on either.

“You have made yourself a prisoner, Sir, for my sake,” said the Frenchman, out of breath; “our men are between you and yours, and there is no escape.”

“We will try that,” replied Eugene, again raising his sword.

“Not another blow, D'Erlach, it is thou. And I am tired of belabouring my best and only friend.”

“Prosper D'Humières—the Vicomte—I should say, the Comte D'Humières,” successively correcting himself, ejaculated Eugene.

“Corporal Prosper, if it please you, citizen Bernese.”

“You disclaim the title of your ancestors?”

“Truth do I, and would so, were I as aristocratic as D'Erlach, when my poverty and my *galons* would alike dishonour it.—But to a more urgent subject. You know the by-ways of this country, and can guide yourself into Bern, avoiding our fellows. You must have somewhat to look to there.”

D'Erlach for the first instant thought of his situation. “My father,” said he, “will take care of Rosalie.”

“He will have little time to care for aught. Brune will be within the gates of Bern almost as soon.”

“Let us hurry straight onward, Prosper, thy sister—”

“Will be not better for a corporal's protection. Besides, you cannot pass. If she have not escaped too, she will be safe. We are not the cannibals you take us for. And yet

I would not trust too much to my brother republicans."

"On you then, Prosper. Leave me to my fate, and seek our mansion at Bern. It holds all that is now dear to me, or should be so to you."

"Still the lover. Heavens! how many passions have swept through my breast since we met, Eugene, and are gone without leaving a trace. Thee I find the same sighing,—do not frown,—good, gallant fellow, D'Erlach."

"Time wastes, Prosper. Put spurs to your steed. And let me wander where I will."

"What a lack of invention thou hast, brother aristocrat. As if thou hadst never saved thyself in the habiliments or non-habiliments of a *sans culotte* before! Here are some scores of fellows lying round us. Thy sabre, D'Erlach, must have struck some of their crowns. Why not strip as well as slay, change garments, and pass as one of our troop."

D'Erlach, despite his perplexity, could not

help observing to Prosper, that "his poverty seemed to have improved his humour."

"Pride first soured my temper, and clothed all my mirth with sarcasm: you remember the day. Then came ambition, and intrigue, and all their train—and I was fretful. But when I stretch to you, as I do now, the hand of citizen and corporal Prosper, thou holdest that of as gay, as frank, and as careless a soldier, as ever went to gather laurels for want of a dinner."

"That was not thy case, surely?" asked D'Erlach, as he stripped off his belt and coat to assume that of a French dragoon, tacitly following the advice of his friend.

"Hum! 'twas something betwixt the fear of losing my head, and the want of anything to put in its mouth, that drove me to the army."

"Where, I suppose, as noble, it is denied you to rise."

"My faith, no; my commander and my comrades never yet questioned me of my birth.

That we are all Adam's children, seems to be the republican soldier's creed, and a sound one. Besides, I have risen, I am a man of authority," cried the Count, pointing to his *galons*. "I came late to the ranks, and last come last served, the mess-rule."

"And why come late, Prosper? Your armies are where that cannibal government of thine was to be served, I will not say with most honour, but with least disgrace."

"If not for civility's sake, for something more important, use words less treasonable, with a republican dragoon's coat and casque on you. You heard, no doubt, from time to time my hopes, my schemes. I communicated them to Vevay. My friendship with our rulers, my weight in the clubs—"

"All, all," said D'Erlach, "but of your after fortunes nothing."

"An infant might have conjectured them. Proscriptions marked me for the guillotine in return for all my zeal. I escaped to Humières.

The family estates were sold to a wealthy locksmith by the by, who, after coming to look at his property and mansion, was so ashamed to find himself in the latter, that he shut it up and abandoned it. I lurked therein, and escaped the furies of the convention. They fell, and met their fate. My old acquaintances rise to power, and one becomes a Director. I call upon him, he knows me not—the fellow is Carnot—and yet knew me enough to arrest me as a citizen, that has not taken arms for *la patrie*. Thanks, friend Carnot, I never knew innocent occupation or content before.”

“So you call enslaving freemen, and sabre-ing peasants defending their native land, innocent amusement?”

“That’s Carnot’s affair, not mine,” said Prosper. “I hope it may be a crime for the ruffian’s sake, if there ever come a future day of reckoning.”

“What a school and system of morality is thine, D’Humières!”

“No more of that name to Corporal Prosper. A *De*, just the one letter once pronounced, would strip me of my galons ;

D'aucune chevalerie
Je n'ai le brevet sur velin ;
Je suis vilain, et très vilain,
Je suis vilain, vilain.*

“Be it so, Prosper. But, good God, what an hour you force me to listen to banter ! My country—”

“Bah !” interrupted the corporal, “I am sick of the word *patrie*. I never hear sound of mouth, or produce of pen, that it doth not come first and last. Prithee, lament some other woe. The world is the brave man's country.”

“My father, Rosalie,” muttered D'Erlach, heedless of his companion.

“Ay, there indeed is somewhat, not indeed to pine, but to ride for.” So saying, the corporal plied his spurs, and D'Erlach was not slow in following his example.

* Some of my readers may be astonished to find Prosper D'Humières singing a stanza of Berayer's in the year 1798. The circumstance is, however, possible.

CHAPTER X.

THE routed troupes of Bern made another stand before the gates of their chief city, enough to display to the eyes of the citizens within, that had not vigour been wanting in the national councils, her soldiers would have been invincible. Bern capitulated, on the assurance that property should be respected by the victors. That of the state, the long accumulated treasure of the frugal republic, was of course to be appropriated to themselves by the French. This treasure indeed was the true cause of the ruin of Bern and the invasion of Switzerland. The Egyptian expedition was already resolved on, and funds lay no where

so convenient as in the Bernese coffers. The whole was the plan and act of Bonaparte, and neither the first nor the last examples of his injustice and rapine.

The French were already entering Bern, when Prosper and his friend reached the gates. Eugene saw, as he approached, the Bernese banner torn from the walls of his native town. And the sight would have afflicted, as much as it hurt him, did not dearer interests occupy him at the moment. The friends entered the city with the crowd of the victors. They observed some of the officers indulge their love of mischief, it is to be supposed, more than of gain, in plucking watches from the pockets of the citizens. Otherwise there was little serious violence or plunder; the common soldiers, especially, seemed to commiserate the inhabitants, and to refrain even from insult. D'Humières and his friend at length reached the mansion of D'Erlach, which they found to be one of the few houses entered and occupied

by the French. Some superior officers and their staffs were already installed there, and a sentinel forbad entrance to the disguised heir of the house.

Leaving them in the perplexity and pain occasioned by this incertitude, we will recur an hour back, to the time when General D'Erlach, quitting the position of Grauholtz, perceived, with the sharpness of a paternal eye, that his son did not accompany the retreat. The veteran had hoped not to survive the field; but now it behoved his old hand, its duty performed, to save the orphan of Humières. He gave no tears to the probable loss of his only son; their source was dried up by the immensity of collected disaster. Already, as he rallied the thinning numbers of his soldiery, he heard their suspicions and execration burst forth against him, as one of the causes of their being betrayed, and the country overthrown. Him, a traitor to Bern!—the veteran D'Erlach was absolutely sickened at this last blow of

fortune, the unjust suspicion entertained of him by those, whom he had ever looked on as his children, for whom he would have shed his blood. The calumnies of the French had been widely spread amongst the Bernese; and circumstances, the wavering of the council, its counter-order, and finally their surprise and defeat ere the expiration of the armistice, appeared to corroborate the worst reports and suspicions.

Seeing no hopes of further defence, and disgusted by the menaces of his own unfortunate and hapless soldiery, the General turned his horse towards Bern, and reached it, whilst his troops made their last desperate and unavailing stand. It at least, however, allowed time for his escape, for that of De Steiger, and others of the most Anti-Gallican and patriotic.

Rosalie all that cruel day had listened at first to the far sound of arms, at last to its near approach: that told sufficiently the fortune of the day. From time to time a few waggons

of the wounded passed, their cries mingled with the eager questions of those whose brothers, sons, and parents were in action. She envied the rude peasant woman, that could walk abroad, and see, and gather tidings. Yet she could read sufficient in the murmurs of the passers-by,

“While thronged the citizens in terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, ‘The foe, they come, they come.’”

At length Rosalie beheld the General return, alone, breathless, on his reeking steed.

“Eugene, where is he?” shrieked, rather than said the maiden, as old D’Erlach entered the house.

“The young cannot be yet spared from the field,” replied the General, dissembling at once his sorrow and his loss. “Hasten thee, Rosalie, let us descend to the *char-a-banc* that awaits us. If indeed you prefer not to fling yourself on the protection of your countrymen.”

“France is no longer my country, I will go with thee. If you fly, there is no hope for

Bern. But tell me, I enjoin you, where is Eugene?"

"Then truly, girl, and briefly, I know not; I left him in the field, which he would not forsake. If Providence spare him he will not fail, to join us."

D'Erlach hurried Rosalie to the court-yard. And as the cannons ceased, and Bern capitulated, the General, and the daughter of the *émigré*, fled fast as the speed of horses could convey them, taking the direction of the higher Alps, and the inaccessible regions of the Oberland. De Steiger followed the same route. It was the hope of these aged patriots, still to hold out against the enemy in a country, where neither their cavalry, their artillery, nor their discipline could avail them against the zeal and vengeance of the oppressed. They were not aware to what pitch of frenzy, the ill fortune and fall of their country could drive the proud and savage inhabitants of that region. The sorrow of these was rage. It demanded

victims. Confident of their invincibility, if not betrayed, they accused the Bernese magistrates and their General, of all their reverses. And the wild peasants sought to take vengeance in the blood of their venerable rulers, whose long vacillation had deprived them of wreaking it upon the invaders.

Unfortunately these elders, utterly ignorant of the spirit of the people they governed, another striking effect of aristocratic rule, chose for their place of refuge and rallying the very regions inhabited by these angry and routed men. They sought their doom. Even those of inferior stations, the Colonels and superior officers of the Bernese troops, were stopped and massacred by those whom they had a few hours previous so gallantly though so unsuccessfully commanded.

The disbanded militia, all, as well as their magistrates and officers, took the road to the Oberland by Thun. And from mile to mile, gangs of them marched homeward, smarting

with defeat, frenzied under the sense of it, wreaking vengeance on innocent victims, and bellowing ferociously for worthier and more.

Along this road and through this mob did the little vehicle, which he had procured, carry General D'Erlach and Rosalie D'Humières. The noble aspect and gray hairs of the veteran were easily recognised. But none cried, "God save D'Erlach!" Sullen looks came from the first group, not far enough removed from Bern to dare to shew their ferocity. Reproaches came from the next; and Rosalie felt at first not so much alarmed, as hurt, as insulted at such language addressed to her second parent. The tears, that even the incertitude of Eugene's fate had not in that awful time wrung from her, now flowed on the hand of her protector.

"I was wrong to bring thee, Rosalie," said the old man, "I felt so. And yet I had not expected this at their hands."

"And I am rejoiced to be near you," said Rosalie, "that you may have one at least that will love you amongst this ungrateful people."

The *char-a-banc* was joined at this moment by Varicourt, a young emigré, who had been a *gard-du-corps* in the service of Louis the Sixteenth, and who, at the attack of Versailles by the mob, had been one of those who saved for that time the life of the unfortunate queen. His brother perished, defending a door, that he had closed behind him, and covered with his body. It was the melancholy fate of both brothers to perish, victims of gratitude and devotion. He, who now joined old D'Erlach, had been one of this General's aid-de-camps in the brief campaign; as a French emigré, obliged to fly, he too had taken the road of the Oberland. Himself not escaping the reproaches and menaces of the peasant and soldier Swiss, he was more shocked and interested on hearing the same addressed to his General. Selecting therefore Rosalie and D'Erlach, he kept pace on his horse with the *char-a-banc*.

After having passed with difficulty, some crowds of these maniacs, General D'Erlach

bade Varicourt leave them. The young Frenchman would not.

The road lay along the banks of the Aar, which wound its way to Bern. And the distant bells of the city, put in motion to welcome the French, like other panegyrists as mercenary and as hollow, were heard, mingling with the sound of the river's flow. The sun was declining in the direction whence came their sound. D'Erlach, whose reflected gaze was bent towards his native city, now in the hands of the foe, turned towards the luminary, and said, "I shall not see thy setting." History has recorded his words. He asked Varicourt, had he seen his son; and was answered that Eugene was most likely a prisoner, as he had been left behind at Grauholz, and when the evening advanced, had been lost sight of. The short ejaculation of both Rosalie and her protector was the same.

As they advanced, the menaces and execrations directed against Bern's most virtuous

citizen rather increased, than diminished, frequent attempts were made to stop the little vehicle. And the exertions of Varicourt alone extricated them once or twice.

“Were it not for thee, my daughter,” said D’Erlach, “they might take the wretched life they so blindly aim at.”

“Onward, let us haste on,” said Rosalie, who hoped to pass the most infuriated crowds. But fiercer still awaited them.

They arrived at length at Miünsingen. The horse that bore them could proceed no farther without refreshment, and another was not to be procured. They were therefore compelled to stop, and no sooner did so, than a horde of those deceived and frenetic savages recognised, and rushed upon the General. It was in vain to speak reason to their clamours—equally vain was Varicourt’s courageous defence, Rosalie’s tears, or the calm dignity of the veteran himself. They dragged him in the midst of them, and there ensued a brief consultation as

to what should be his fate. 'Twas then that Varicourt, affecting to be a convert to their suspicions, and to shake off indignantly his former attachment to the General, proposed that they should carry him to Bern, and take his forfeit life before the city he had betrayed. The young emigré preferred that himself and the General should fall into the hands of the French, or rather be rescued by them. The mob agreed to his proposal, and binding their aged General upon one of the common carts of the country, and placing Mademoiselle D'Humières at her entreaty by his side, they conducted both on the road back towards Bern.

The stratagem of Varicourt did not serve long to preserve the venerable victim. The crowd that bore him, were soon encountered by another, who on learning the circumstances, and beholding him, whom French calumny had told them was a traitor, insisted on instant vengeance. The French were in

possession of Bern, as they said, and to proceed there, was to deliver the criminal. D'Erlach heard their tumultuous debate, and marked its course with resignation and intrepidity. Rosalie heard nought in her distraction, till she saw the weapons of destruction turned upon her protector. Already a hundred wounds had pieced the bosom of the faithful Varicourt, who in the extremity had drawn his sword in defence of his General. A hundred more at once relieved from its sufferings the spirit of the noble D'Erlach. His gray hairs stained with blood rested on the now inanimate Rosalie. The deed of blood was done. And no sooner did its perpetrators gaze upon it, upon the features and lineaments of him, which they had so long revered, than all separated themselves without a word, each as if he were flying from remorse.

CHAPTER XI.

THE melancholy fate of General D'Erlach proved the safety of De Steiger, who was met and recognised by the band that had massacred his brother magistrate. Their first impulse was to present their weapons against the *avoyer*, who bared his breast to their parricidal blows—his breast, on which hung the insignia of his supreme office. Remorse and shame had already touched the murderers of D'Erlach; and sudden returning veneration for their ruler succeeded to ideas of vengeance. "Fly," cried they, "fly from us, and from the enemy," and the car, on which he was borne, carried the

avoyer away, past this imminent peril, to a land of safety.

When Rosalie D'Humières recovered her senses and extricated herself with difficulty and horror from the bleeding remains of her benefactor,—for in struggling to save, she had clung to him, and was abandoned by the murderers as if she had shared his fate—it was night, a chill March night. The utter stillness of nature, broken but by the murmurs of the Aar, reigned, and contrasted to her ears with the noisy horrors of the past day. The bright moon shone and its rays were reflected from the snow-clad Alps beyond them. Rosalie pondered an instant. A thought struck her—and instantly tearing open the vest of D'Erlach, she laid a trembling hand upon his side—but there was neither warmth nor motion. A flood of tears followed the faint gleam of hope and its disappointment. What was to be done? Rosalie would not desert the body of the General; yet she herself, chill and faint, must have succour

and shelter, if she would not share the fate of the victim before her. She thought of Eugene, and again wept.

In her sorrow she had not noticed the trampling of horses, which approached. The *qui vive* of their loud challenge warned and startled her. They perceived no doubt the little group of the living and the dead, Rosalie had not strength to answer

“*Allons, Corporal,*” said the bluff voice of the chief of the troop, *vois ce que c’est*—come, Corporal, see what’s the matter.”

“Lieutenant, if it please you, *Mon Capitaine*. I have been Corporal long enough.”

“True, my brave fellow, I forgot what I myself had just given thee. Thou dost right not to forget thine epaulette. But see, good Lieutenant, what group is that.”

Lieutenant Prosper spurred his charger over the little hedge that skirted the road, while troop and Captain paused impatiently.

“A woman and weeping,” cried Prosper.

And at the word, his officer and comrades followed to see and succour the distressed female.

“Whom have we here?” demanded Prosper,

“An unfortunate maiden,” replied Rosalie, “whose father lies cruelly murdered at her feet.”

“*Morbleu*,” ejaculated Prosper, “but that is no small calamity. And here lieth another dead, younger, I should guess, from those locks, which even the moon doth not silver.”

“He died in defending us,” said Rosalie, “the generous Varicourt.”

“Varicourt,” repeated the commandant, riding up, “that was the emigré aid-de-camp of D’Erlach.”

“This then,” said Prosper, “must be the remains of D’Erlach himself. Gallant, generous veteran, it was not thus I hoped to behold thee.”

“What mutterest thou, lieutenant?”

“Little to the purpose in this old man’s ear, it is deaf as his heart is cold.”

“Perhaps you might not find the maiden’s so, who is she?”

D’Erlach’s daughter, doubtless—Be silent, or declare yourself so,” whispered Prosper to Rosalie.

“This murdered General’s adopted daughter,” said Rosalie.

“See to her, Lieutenant,” said the commandant.

“And the old soldier’s remains—”

“They can tarry till sun-rise. Sacred Thunder! Lieutenant, that you be interested in the girl is conceivable, but what is to thee the corpse of her father?”

“The remains of a soldier are ever dearer to me, Sir, than his living daughter.” A murmur from the troop expressed their approbation of the sentiment.

“My faith, for a fellow late listed, thou hast made progress in camp-sentiment. Bring then the dead. Here is a cart. But since you insist to have a will in these matters, good Lieu-

tenant, mark—in the division of the spoil, you may have the dead, I claim the living.”

Without trusting his temper with answering this order, Lieutenant Prosper placed his sister on the vehicle, and with her, for she would not part with them, the remains of D'Erlach. He was instantly aware that it must be Rosalie, although she was unable to recognize her brother. His hint to her had been occasioned by his fear, lest she should betray herself the daughter of an emigré, an avowal that would place her completely in the power of the French authorities ; and she, disdaining what seemed unnecessary falsehood, had at once avowed herself to be but D'Erlach's adopted daughter.

On taking possession of Bern, General Brune had instantly pushed an advanced party of cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives on the road to Thun. And the regiment in which Prosper served was ordered upon this duty. In the muster which Eugene D'Erlach could not in safety avoid, the eye of the Captain

discovered him as an interloper, and though rejoiced, as he declared himself, to find so stout a soldier in the place of too many fallen, he must learn more respecting him, ere he could trust him in the ranks of his corps. Eugene, perplexed, refused to give the desired explanation, and in consequence he was forthwith committed to a guard-house. Prosper in the meantime, whose gallantry during the action had been remarked by Schauenbourg, received promotion on the instant, and was advanced to the place of one of the officers fallen. The numbers of these were never filled but from the ranks, and the advancement of Prosper was looked on neither by himself nor his comrades, some of whom indeed shared it, as any extraordinary piece of good fortune.

It was thus that her brother had chanced to come to the relief of Rosalie.

The troop returned to Bern for the night. The chief city of Switzerland in their power, or rather its treasure, which was the principal

object, it was not the intention of the French to provoke the rest of the Cantons to obstinate resistance. They hoped to tame and cheat the savage people of their liberty and independence by negotiations, to invade and revolutionize their country rather by proclamations than troops. The reconnoitring party, therefore, having ascertained that the routed Swiss meditated no further stand, but had continued their flight uninterrupted to the mountains, returned to Bern.

As soon as they arrived, the features of D'Erlach were recognized by some of the citizens, and the story of Rosalie corroborated. It was yet dark. The French dragoons placed the remains of their venerable foe in an apartment of their quarters, resolved that he should not want the honours of a soldier's grave. Prosper, for the first time, beginning to be a favourite with them, directed the act. What, however, was to be done with Rosalie? Dismissed she could not be, as General Brune

might wish to see and question her. At any rate she refused to quit D'Erlach's remains; and in this she persevered with a silent, and almost senseless obstinacy. Love, gratitude, retained her; and perhaps she felt a degree of safety, of protection with that she clung to. Prosper made use of every entreaty to dissuade her from such a wild resolution, but in vain. And he found her to have too little self-command or recollection at the moment to allow him to reveal himself.

Whilst he was thus employed in entreating Rosalie, one of his old comrades, an active, prating, meddling subject, who had, by the by, just succeeded to the *galons* of the late corporal, determined that proper honours should be paid to the deceased general. He accordingly ordered one of the dragoons to mount guard over the remains.

“Mount guard! new master corporal, —, would you have a man fight all day, ride all night, and mount guard in the morning?”

“True, comrade, I should not have forgotten, for every limb of mine seems as if it were cased in lead. But do we as we would be done by; and since one of ye must, march in yon room till day-light, or ——”

“——,” again ejaculated the dragoon, “if you must have the living to wait on the dead, take the new recruit, that we left behind, and who has had his first and second nap over long since, I’ll be sworn.”

“Well thought on, man.” And the corporal hurried to the neighbouring guard-house, where Eugene D’Erlach lay, as sleepless as any of his new comrades, on the wooden bench.

“Rise! my brave fellow, rise!” cried the corporal, “’tis your turn to go upon duty now.”

“Willingly,” replied Eugene, glad to escape from confinement.

“Follow me.” And the dragoon led the way, obeyed by the young Swiss in disguise.

They reached the chamber. The corporal pointed within, and gave his orders, that the young soldier should "stand therein a sentinel, till relieved. "You are answerable for living and dead, the old man and his daughter. I will demand them of you on the morn."

Whilst the corporal, thus entrusting his charge, hurried to much needed repose, the new sentinel in stupidity and astonishment entered upon his duty. He advanced into the chamber, and the first object he discovered was Rosalie. She too beheld him, and shrieked. It seemed a vision—the countenance of Eugene, and in that garb!

The young soldier was not allowed time to undeceive her. His regards fell upon the remains of his parent.

The group might be depicted by the painter's art. Description could not do so: Eugene D'Erlach dumb-struck in horror—the gaze of Rosalie rivetted on him, in a kind of misgiving frenzy—Prosper, the witness of the

emotions of both. The features of the dead alone were calm.

An hour, a full hour elapsed, ere any one of the three addressed a word to each other. Prosper, reclining on the ground apart, left sorrow its way. Rosalie by degrees knew Eugene, and understood dimly the cause of his disguise. He learned from her the particulars of his father's fate. With gnashed teeth the youth cursed his ungrateful country. But to represent his ravings and despair would require the minuteness and life of a drama.

"What fate, my Rosalie, is next reserved for us?" at length asked D'Erlach.

Rosalie cared not, and looked that thought.

"Rosalie," said Eugene, "you must not indulge in this blank and useless despair. My father is happy not to have survived his country."

"I have lost my last friend," said the maiden.

"Be not unkind to those who survive."

“ You had a brother,” interrupted Prosper.

“ He too is gone, or has forgotten me.”

“ Not so, Rosalie D’Humières, he is here. I am thy brother Prosper.”

Rosalie flew to the embrace of her brother, who on his side was affected beyond his wont. It was but lately he had been made to feel that he possessed sensibility. His previous pains and griefs had been but those of selfishness, and having suffered those, he esteemed himself, like many of the worldly, schooled enough in misfortune to be strong in apathy. Such a scene as the present was sufficient to change his very character, at least his own opinion of it, which is tantamount. Prosper wept too. “ But this will not save D’Erlach, nor extricate you,” cried he. “ The morning dawns, and we have spent in idle grief the hours that should have been devoted to our safety. For you, however, Eugene, I at once set free the way by opening this door.”

“ I cannot yet abandon these remains,”

replied the youth, " I will confess myself, let them do with me what they will."

" It may not be the worst mode of acting. Strange that the simplest and most natural, being most true, was that which struck me last. But thee, Rosalie, beware of being so candid."

" I would not at this hour stoop to a falsehood—no, not to be restored to Humières."

" And why not *now*, sister? For if ever ill-placed be such a sentiment, it is *now*."

" I feel that sorrow exalts me above all that bears even the semblance of baseness. Let them question. I am Rosalie D'Humières, the Emigré's daughter."

All farther council or conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the corporal, who came to announce orders received for the honourable burial of General D'Erlach, and at the same time that his daughter, or the lady found with him, should be conducted to headquarters. " You, sentinel, must re-enter the

guard-house. I will report you favourably, so fear not."

"Let him remain," said Lieutenant Prosper, "on parole."

"You here, Lieutenant. You answer for him. *A la bonne heure*. The demoiselle, however, I must conduct to the General in chief."

CHAPTER XII.

THE portrait of Brune hangs amongst others of the deceased Marshals in one of the apartments of the Hotel des Invalides. Subsequent to the present period, he attained the *baton*. And as if in retributive justice of the base means which he used to democratize Switzerland and to possess the minds of the Bernese soldiery with suspicions of their leaders—suspicions that we have seen to end in massacre—Brune perished by the same fate as D'Erlach. He was slain by a tumultuary mob at Avignon, not long after the restoration of the Bourbons.

In the portrait I speak of, Brune is represented as tall and dark, his head bald, and his

countenance by no means prepossessing.* In the year ninety-eight he must have been still young, and as such we may now suppose him. The French commander was seated in the very cabinet of the late General D'Erlach, in the mansion or palace of the Bernese commander. It was there Brune had established his quarters, not only on account of the spaciousness and commodiousness of the mansion, but also on account that the private *caisse* or coffer of the Swiss noble was as well stored, as those of similar rank were accustomed to be, in an age and country yet ignorant of all the latent wealth that has since been discovered in paper. Schauenbourg, the second in command, a blunt, frank soldier, was at Brune's

* A more wretched collection of paintings certainly never disgraced the Art than the portraits of the French Marshals, of the living at the Thuilleries, and the dead in the Hotel des Invalides. If the Muse of History does not do the Paladins of Napoleon more justice than the Muse of Painting has done, those valiant soldiers will be cheated of their just meed of immortality. The paintings are indeed a disgrace to France, and to the noble edifices they adorn.

side ; and Mengaud, the French resident or envoy at Bern. This coarse plebeian was brother-in-law to one of the then Directors of the French Republic, to which connexion, as well as to the brutal ignorance and impertinence of his nature, which recommended him to his employers without exciting their jealousy, Citizen Mengaud owed his present situation. It is favourable to the moral lesson which history ought to impress, that of all the nefarious political transactions of that period the agents were as contemptible as their acts were base ; so that on viewing or perusing any account of the events, disgust is always excited to heighten the feeling of indignation.

Before these personages was Rosalie D'Humières presented. She was alone ; though Prosper accompanied her to the gate, he dared not enter. What feelings did a sight of that house and those halls call forth in her ! Thrown by the unlooked-for events of that period into that crowd of disasters, which in romance con-

stitute a heroine, her mind had been forced, and of a sudden, to assume the heroic cast of one. Even the weakest of us will turn at last upon ill fortune, when she pursues pertinaciously and close, and thus the victim is endowed with courage proportioned to his griefs.

It must have been some such feeling, that supported Rosalie through the halls, which she so lately trod with the murdered D'Erlach, and prevented her from sinking under the subduing recollections which it brought. Ignorant for what purposes she was now summoned, Rosalie was prepared for ill, though not to meet it with guile. To the first question of her interrogators she answered by simply stating, that she was the daughter of the Comte D'Humières, adopted into the family of D'Erlach. She also related the circumstances of the General's death, which Brune was anxious to hear.

"'Tis a fearful penalty," said Mengaud, "that tyrant aristocrats must pay soon or late. I knew it, I foresaw it."

"Thou art a very prophet, citizen," observed Schauenbourg, "to see the explosion of a train which thine own hand had laid."

In those days an accusation of crime was always a compliment, and Mengaud took Schauenbourg's as such. "It is not for me to boast," said he, "but I may say, that I have not slept, whilst a patriot's duty was to be done."

"Nor whilst the *bourreau's*," added the General.

"Peace," said Brune, "let us turn to the matter in hand.—Girl, I regret General D'Er-lach's fate as a soldier should—But that is past and ir retrievable. You were in the General's confidence."

Rosalie knew not what to reply.

"You know in fact," interrupted the blunt Schauenbourg, acting the bandit openly, which Brune swerved from, "You know in fact where the General deposited his hopes and his treasure."

“If you call that being in his confidence, Sir, I was not, believe me.”

“We shall see that,” cried Mengaud. “Where is the young rebel, Eugene D’Erlach, to whom thou wast betrothed?”

Rosalie blushed both at the epithet by which her lover was designated, and at the consciousness of his being within the power of those before whom she stood. “Has he too fled or does he linger near his mistress?”

“Eugene D’Erlach remains, for aught I know, in Bern,” replied Rosalie, “yet, being here in his mansion and inquiring of his property, Messieurs, you should know.”

“A brave wench,” cried Schauenbourg.

“An aristocrat *en jupes*,” said Mengaud.

“Mademoiselle D’Humières,” said Brune, “do not prove yourself leagued with the foes of your country by these unfeminine and unpatriotic replies. Answer us, where the domestic treasure of this house is to be found, we need it for the wants of our country.”

“In truth, Monsieur Le General, I am ignorant even of its existence.”

“’Tis false, *citoyenne*,” said Mengaud, “you could not have been here without knowing.”

“Believe me, General,” replied Rosalie, not deigning to regard the envoy, but turning to Brune, “and believe me the more from my adding, that did I know, I certainly should not disclose it.”

Brune was perplexed; and Schauenbourg exclaimed, “There is no information to be gleaned here. Dismiss her.”

“Craving your pardon, citizen General, my orders from the Directory are to seize all children of emigrés, and return them to their mother-country, in order to be educated by honest hands in good morals and love of the republic.”

“But this, I tell thee, is the adopted daughter of a Bernese noble, and as such is free.”

“If she had had the honesty, or even yet if she have enough to answer our demands, she

may be considered such. What think you, General Brune? Else—”

“ You hear the proposal, *citoyenne*,” said Brune.

“ If my freedom is to be the price of my dishonesty, I cannot purchase it if I would.”

“ Then, my young heroine, thou shalt to Paris.”

“ She is over-contumacious,” said Schauenbourg, “ and I abandon her.”

Here the interrogatory closed, and after a time Mengaud himself, taking charge of Mademoiselle D’Humières, conducted her to his own residence, where were already collected many in the same predicament with herself, seized, in violation of every right of nations and of hospitality, as the children of French emigrés. They formed a melancholy collection of orphans, such a one as Mengaud, an amateur of wretched and unhappy objects, found no doubt to gratify his patriotism and zeal.

Prosper did not long remain without learning the fate of his sister. And at first his indignation prompted him to some violent act of rescue or expostulation. But as he walked, previous to any step, to communicate with young D'Erlach, it struck him, that if honourably and gently treated, his sister would never find an opportunity or means more seasonable for being restored to her country. She might suffer some durance, some persecution, which, he hoped, she would have patience and a moderate degree of dissimulation to bear and lighten. Being removed moreover to the metropolis, she would be there, where the friends of the unhappy family might best aid, and finally relieve her. Not a lover himself, the circumstance of her being separated from Eugene never struck him as an extreme calamity; and he hastened to communicate the tidings as a piece of not the worst fortune.

Another part of the Lieutenant's momentary forgetfulness in his anxiety for his sister, was

the other griefs that weighed both upon her and D'Erlach. He was reminded of them on re-beholding the latter, standing in melancholy attitude, and regarding the remains of his parent. Preparations had since been made for the veteran's funeral by his relations, all indignant at the occupation of D'Erlach's private mansion by his victors, to the exclusion even of its late proprietor's remains. There was something more than merely oppressive in the insult, it was revolting.

D'Erlach asked briefly for Rosalie. She was still in detention. He rejoiced, that she was prevented from witnessing the last of the melancholy spectacle. The procession and ceremony took place, and occupied the day. Prosper respected his friend's filial grief, and said merely a few words to lull any rising apprehensions on account of Rosalie.

During her presence and interrogatory before the French commanders, Eugene D'Erlach had avowed himself, the circumstances and

cause of his disguise. Much as such a disclosure might at any other time have implicated any one, especially D'Erlach, still the officer to whom he made it, at once overlooked all in consideration of the youth's loss. He was permitted to fling off the uniform that had introduced him to Bern and to the French guard-house, to assume garments that befitted his position, and to watch over the last duties paid to his venerable parent.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIMULTANEOUS with, or little subsequent to, the fall of Bern, the destruction of the ancient municipal governments was effected throughout all the western cantons of Switzerland. Soleure, Lucerne, and Fribourg were taken possession of by the French troops. Zurich, more commercial than any of its sister cities, and therefore attached to independence on more solid principles than the mere honour which spirited up Bern, was, despite of some energy displayed previous to the success of Brune, compelled to submit. The canton of the Vaud was already democratic; whilst of the neighbouring Vallais, the inhabitants were divided. It was in the latter

region that revolution presented one of its most striking anomalies, viz. that of priests and capucins planting the tree of liberty, and elevating the symbols of French republicanism side by side with the crucifix. This did the good monks of Saint Meurice, despite all the exertions, and machinations, and magical authority of Frère Bernard. He had once, as before related, succeeded in repressing their spirit, since which he had awed and ruled the convent with the sceptre of the nightmare. The brotherhood however were now enabled to shake off his weight and rule; and the devout friar accordingly shook the dust from his sandals, and took his path of departure over the opposite Diablerets to a region more orthodox and congenial.

Seeing his work thrive, the next art of Brune was to divide Switzerland into divers republics, which were to be called the *Rhodanique*, the *Helvetique*, and that of *William Tell*. Those included in the latter were

somewhat flattered by the title, but the exclamations of the rest were loud, and reached even the Directory at Paris, who, reprimanding Brune for his political impertinence, ordered him to dissolve his three republics without loss of time, and constitute *one* of free people instantly. This *free state* Brune obediently created by an imperious proclamation, summoning a new Diet at Arau, after which the statesman-general was recalled.

The mission of Mengaud too was at an end. He prepared to return to Paris with what he facetiously termed his family, viz. the hapless orphans, whom he had collected, as was said of Brune, with more gold than laurels. The leech in fact was full, and whenever a French Proconsul became so, a hungry reptile was always dispatched in his place, in order the sooner to reduce the unfortunate country, the political patient, to a wholesome degree of inanition.

Some of the bones of the ancient Burgundians slain at Morat, and brought back in triumph, made part of Mengaud's, and his military companion Suchet's, procession. The venerable armour, the pikes and coats of mail of the first warriors of Helvetic liberty, were carried off at the same time; and the bear at present living in the Jardin des Plantes, with his brother Bruin, was taken, as emblems of the city, from the fosse of Bern, where they were kept. The names of D'Erlach and De Steiger were graven on collars fixed round the animals' necks, and in this state were they paraded through the *now free* Republic of Helvetia, as trophies bound to adorn the palace of the five monarchs of the Luxembourg.

Mengaud however did not take the road to Paris, without attempts both on the part of Eugene and of her brother Prosper, to rescue Rosalie from his hands. The former even dared to complain of the invasion and plunder

of his private property. A decree in consequence passed by the French authorities, and the provisional government of the canton, to banish the son of General D'Erlach from all parts of Switzerland, in alliance with France. If a harsher punishment was not awarded, it was not for want of the counsel of Mengaud, on whom the obstinacy of Rosalie had made a deep impression. Even after the decree, and in its despite, Eugene D'Erlach gained admittance to the kind of prison-residence of which the envoy had constituted himself the gaoler; and it was not till after having renewed and exchanged their mutual vows, so long plighted, that the lovers once more submitted to a separation, of which they might hope, but could not see, the term.

Prosper D'Humières conceived better hopes of obtaining from Mengaud the liberties of his sister. He had learned by chance of one similarly taken, whom, in consideration of no very immoderate sum, the Proconsul had con-

sented to abandon to the care of friends, instead of insisting on committing the young emigré to republican tutelage. Prosper had no longer wealth. But he had not served in vain in the Parisian school of intrigue, and he hoped, either by flattery or menaces, or in fine, by adroitness, to bend, even if he could not bribe, the stubborn nature of the envoy. With this view Prosper much rejoiced in his newly-won epaulette, which although it was but one, and that on the wrong side,* still it would at least command that approval and attention, which the *galons* even of a gallant sergeant would not have obtained from the no less arrogant, because republican, *employé*.

The lieutenant therefore waited on the envoy, and acquainted him that the numerous friends of the family of Humières had begged of him to interfere for the liberty of their

* A lieutenant wears his epaulette on his left shoulder, a captain on his right.

relative. And, that they, in return for past kindness, were ready to promise and perform aught that was considered necessary for the patriotic education of the young emigré.

“Humières, Humières,” said Mengaud, feeling his way to a knowledge of the name and family, of which he affected to be utterly ignorant, “why did he emigrate? was he a minister under the old regime?”

“Not a minister,” replied Prosper, “rather an opponent of the court.”

“Ay, an *intrigant*, that wished well to himself, rather than to king or country.”

The rude impertinence of Mengaud, which the sudden acquirement of authority had endowed him with, happened here to be precisely right in judgment; and Prosper was inclined to honour the envoy for more sagacity, than he had imagined him to possess.

“Perhaps you are not much in the wrong,” said Prosper; “however, the liberality of his professed principles are spoken sufficiently

for by the fact, that he remained in Paris during all the early part of the convention, and was only driven from it by the *Terreur*."

"Why not then have returned upon the fall of the Terrorists?"

"Because he did not live to do so."

"Well, I rejoice the Count (was he not a Count?) was not an emigré of the malignant class, of the Coblentz school."

"I rejoice to hear you express an interest in our—that is, in the family."

"Yes, I assure you, I begin to feel much, and should be glad to know the heads of the family, that I might treat with them."

"There's a frank mercenary," thought Prosper to himself. "Might not the negociation," continued he aloud, "be carried on through the intermedium of me. It need be but a brief one."

"The affair of a moment. But pray, Sir, who the Devil are you?"

"The citizen Humières, the son of him of

old called Comte D'Humières, at present a lieutenant of the *cavalerie légère*, and the Directory's humble servant."

"'Tis very well, young master aristocrat, a previous avowal might have spared us some trouble. And now, my good citizen lieutenant, may I beg to ask of you, what has become of the chateau, lands, tenements, &c. whence your parent took his title?"

"It is in safe keeping, Sir Envoy; so safe, that allow me to be silent as to how and by whom it is at present held."

"Then I will myself inform you, that citizen Delposté, my worthy friend—"

"And brother blacksmith—" interrupted Prosper, chafed somewhat by the envoy's impertinence.

"Locksmith, Sir, begging your Countship's pardon, read every man's trade aright. Though I have forged some chains in my time," said the envoy significantly, "I have not altogether wielded the *marteau* of the *maréchal*."

Well, Sir—my brother blacksmith, as you are pleased to call him, did purchase, now I well remember, the property of the emigré Humières. And a good bargain he must have had of it, paying one year's revenue of it or thereabouts. How then can you assure me, knowing this, that Humières is in safe keeping?"

"In your friend's hands, Sir, it is at any rate under lock and key, what more would you have?"

"Young man, I perceive you came here to deceive me with doubts of thy wealth. Thou hast failed. I am not outwitted. But come, I am not so mercenary as you believe me. And the negotiation you allude to may be arranged, even though thou art but a poor lieutenant. Verily I have enough of gold—a perfect mine hath this poor land of snows and mountains been to me."

"I doubt it not, citizen envoy. And am glad that, whatever pains it caused in gather-

ing, it is at least productive of generosity towards me."

"It is not an ungenerous offer I am about to make," said Mengaud self-satisfied, yet not altogether at his ease.

"You have only then to point out how we shall shew our gratitude."

"First of all, mark you, the maiden is penniless; secondly, she is in my power; thirdly, she is utterly without friends, except a gallant, who is exiled and a beggar, and a brother, whom I can at a word dispatch to the sands of Egypt if he prove refractory."

"I do not fail to mark your words, as you advise, Sir," said Prosper.

"Next in consideration, I am rich, and a man of authority, of interest to arrive at the first offices, nay, to rule the state."

"Citizen blacksmith or locksmith, whither does all this tend? I am in utter perplexity."

"To conclude, citizen subaltern, your sister is aristocratically born, which in these times

is an irremediable defect. A wen, that disfigured the visage, were more desirable, for that might be eradicated, whereas old and proud blood is a disease not to be cured, except by letting it flow out to the last drop."

"A remedy that I have seen tried with effect, citizen. Well—"

"Now I, on the contrary, am as lowly born as democracy and liberty can require, moreover an industrious artizan bred—"

"As has been seen in your collection of gold and silver."

"All which considered, I esteem both my fairness, if not my condescension, and my generosity, without a doubt, great, in offering, as I do, to wed forthwith Mademoiselle D'Humières."

"Wed Mademoiselle D'Humières!" cried Prosper, with the vengeance of an emphasis, "condescension and generosity!—hearken to me;—wert thou the democratic monarch of the house, installed where thy masters this

moment are, and were every grain of gold which thou hast ground from these hapless people a million, this sabre should afford thy base blood the remedy you have just now propounded for noble, ere thou shouldst wed—wed! by Heaven, thou deservest it now for the pretending to my sister!”

Mengaud had been in a degree, despite his confidence, prepared for a storm; but when the dragoon's hand, in the height of his indignation, touched his sword, the envoy waxed pale. Fain would he have called for aid, but he dared not. And mentally he resolved never for the future, in the high diplomatic and ministerial stations he looked forward to fill, to sit or receive strangers without the countenance of a secretary at least, armed with sword as well as pen.

“So, master aristocrat,” spake he, as soon as he had breath to speak, “you threaten to cut an honest citizen's throat for pretending to the hand of thy nobly-born sister.”

Prosper had no more words. He stood in irresolute silence, not knowing how he should best deal with this fiend in power, or how extricate Rosalie from his hands.

“I pass by the insult offered to the supreme governors of the republic through me their representative. But, no doubt, the high and powerful friends of the family of Humières will interfere to protect the present Count, who has so lately exchanged the *galons* of a corporal for the epaulette of a *sous-lieutenant*.”

“I deserve your taunts, Sir, for stooping to mystify you. You drove me to menace you. And no doubt I shall feel the weight of your power, but for my sister, I trust, that after the sentiments you have expressed, you will feel the propriety of placing her under some other care, even until she be conducted to the place of her republican education.”

“Bah! citizen, we understand not at present your old etiquette, your *sentiments* and

your *propriety*. Your negociation is concluded, you may retire."

"If I do, citizen envoy, it will be to seek an immediate interview with General Brune."

"It will be to proceed whither it may please you."

"Allow me, Sir, first of all to see my detained sister."

"I cannot."

"I will act the suitor for you, and acquaint her with the honour you intend her, as I feel assured you have not dared yourself to do so."

"Dost thou esteem the attempt more perilous than to demand the lady of a dragoon-brother, who swears and backs his arguments with his sword, even against civilian and public *employés*?"

"If not more perilous, more appalling to thy base heart, to unveil its purposes to her innocent indignation, than to my intemperance. And even this thou hadst not dared,

did you not know me a shaken child of circumstances, that have bent with the storm, and early exchanged my pride of bearing and of purpose for that of address and worldly wisdom. God! it is now that I begin to learn how I have stooped and fallen!"

"Now cometh the fit of Christian penitence."

"No sneer, fellow! while we are alone, you tremble. I have not fallen to thy level yet. Now I release you to recover confidence, now meditate vengeance. But beware—"

With these words Prosper withdrew, and did indeed release the envoy from a state of alarm, that he could ill conceal.

D'Humières, burning with resentment, sought out General Brune, avowed himself, his name and birth. And relating all the causes and circumstances of his interview with Mengaud, earnestly entreated the general to interfere.

"Your words are frank, and your demand

fair, Sir. And with the power to defend you, I might be inclined to do so. But I myself can assure you of the truth of what the envoy states respecting the decree issued concerning the children of emigrés. In that he acts but by his orders. To seize and to see them is his province, not mine. I dare not interfere. And even were it more within my control, you are aware that the Directory esteem their civilian servants as their more immediate dependants, and always defend them against the commanders, of whom they are more jealous. I have myself received my recall, which alone would be sufficient to render me powerless in this case." Such was the answer of Brune.

Prosper craved of him, if not to liberate, at least to interfere with Mengaud for the protection of his sister. But the general, who spoke Prosper fair, merely to keep up his popularity with the army, and who was immersed otherwise in selfish considerations respecting his recall, declined interference of any kind.

Indeed the want of authority which he pleaded, was true. A commissioner of the Directory was all-powerful in his province; and any differences, that arose betwixt him and the military commander, were sure to end in the dismissal of the latter.

Prosper was therefore obliged to acquiesce, and rest contented with the same consoling reflections, which had at first reconciled him in part to his sister's removal to Paris. The new light certainly in which the pretensions of Mengaud appeared, rendered her detention the more fearful; but Prosper, long as he had been separated from Rosalie, and little as he knew her, relied, notwithstanding his old abjuration of aristocratic feeling, upon her pride, if not on her affection for D'Erlach, to repel the base and rapacious sycophant.

In a very few days indeed, both Brune and Mengaud took their departure, the latter taking with him his captives, and amongst them the friendless Rosalie. Mengaud was suc-

ceeded in authority at Bern by Secarlia, one of the regicides, and finally by a personage, Rapinat, whose name was most singularly expressive both of his nature and employment.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXILED from Bern, as he had been from France, Eugene D'Erlach bent his steps to those wild regions of his country, where a free man might yet find shelter. He proceeded to Thun by the same road, by the banks of the Aar, which had proved fatal to his parent. Bearing in mind those who had perpetrated that murder, he avoided the Bernese Oberland, passing by Unterseen and across the lake of Brienz, into the Unterwalden. There at first he directed his course to the abbey of Engelberg, intending to trespass for a short space on the hospitality of its brotherhood, which ruled over a not unfertile tract

around them. The residence of a convent had for some reason fastened on his young, romantic mind, to which fortune had afforded so many legitimate causes of grief. He went therefore to the place most fit to brood and cherish sadness, yet in all devoting himself to despair, he still left open that narrow prospect of future happiness, which youth never fails to reserve, nor, indeed, age itself. And with this view Engelberg was favourably situated near the borders of the canton of Bern, from whence he could watch the tide of events, and take advantage of any circumstances that might remove the obstacles placed betwixt him, and both his native town and Rosalie.

In this nicely calculated choice Eugene was nevertheless disappointed, as he arrived at Engelberg but just in time to learn the submission of its abbot to the French, and to read posted on the gates of the abbey the French acceptance of the brotherhood's sub-

mission, accompanied with eulogiums on monkish liberality.

As D'Erlach gazed in stupefaction at this progress of French power, even within the sacred barrier of the higher Alps, and paused merely to give full flow to his indignant feelings, for the Swiss exile disdained to enter an abode so allied, or to demand hospitality of such degenerate countrymen, he perceived a monk pause like himself to read the French address.

“What!” cried the monk, casting a look, in which lurked all the thunder of the priesthood, at the sacred edifice, “not only betray, but boast your treason. Thus I spurn your baseness, and crush its record beneath my feet.” He at the same time tore down the truly base legend, and ground it beneath the heel of his sandal. A brother of the order from a lattice observed the act, but no sooner did he meet the regard of him below, than he withdrew his bald crown in affright. He evi-

dently went to acquaint the abbot and community with the insult, for the clamour of conventual voices was heard to follow.

“My son,” said the friar, whom the reader may at once know as Frère Bernard, and who was known as such by D’Erlach, “you seem as if you approved mine act.”

“As I approve every true Swiss one,” replied Eugene.

“Then draw, and stand by me,” said Bernard, seizing a ponderous cross, which had served him for a staff, and holding it forth in a defensive attitude, much, however, too like Frère Jean in the adventures of Pantagruel and Garagantua, to command the young soldier’s respect.

“I see no need, reverend friar, unless you would have me assault stone walls with my rapier.” As he spoke, it became evident, that if the insult of Frère Bernard had roused the community, it was only defensive war they resolved on, for the ponderous abbey-gates

grated on their hinges, and clanged together fearfully, the placing of bars and fastening of bolts rapidly succeeding.

A laugh, somewhat like the croaking of a raven, announced that Bernard, for once at least, was risibly inclined, an impulse that the most lugubrious spirit and countenance could not then have resisted, at the sight of what Bernard called "the siege of Engelberg, by a monk and a beardless boy."

After a due interval the Abbot made his appearance on the summit of a projecting battlement that flanked the gateway.

"Whence and from what power come ye to affright and insult a peaceful community?" asked the superior.

"We are Swiss pilgrims, holy Abbot, who come to demand aid and succour against the infidels."

"If you would raise the standard of war, ye must seek elsewhere for followers. Our ways are those of peace—"

“Of time-serving and cowardice, Abbot. Ye are betrayers of the cause both of your Master in Heaven, and your country on earth. As such I denounce ye.”

“Who presumes to hold such language to the sovereign and abbot of Engelberg?”

“I, Bernard, monk of the holy order of St. Francis, who have vowed that this head shall know no resting-place save this breast, until I tread the banners of the infidel French beneath my feet, as I this day have done the record they have sent of thy shame.”

“We know thee, Bernard,” replied the meek Abbot, “for a man of zeal, but too intemperate for these times, in which it has pleased Providence to afflict and chastise the land. You curse and insult us, brother: we bless thee, and bid thee depart.”

“We have need of neither, Abbot. Did an infidel leader stand here, it would be, Bless thee, and enter, Sir stranger.”

“Whither goest thou?” asked the timid and therefore inquisitive Abbot.

“To Schweitz, to the land of Tell, where the Alps still produce men.”

“Recommend me to the children of Schweitz, may their designs prosper.” The time-serving prelate said this last in a subdued tone, and broke off the colloquy by instantly retiring.

The monk and youth thus similarly disappointed in finding friendly shelter and refuge, turned their steps together from Engelberg.

“You join the rising without doubt, D’Erlach?” said Bernard, after a time breaking silence.

“It is not my intention.”

“What! thou a cub of the bear of Bern, and not avenge his fall?”

“It should be then on the Oberlanders; by them my father perished. They have disgusted me of cause and country.”

“A D’Erlach allow his private wrongs to

extinguish his patriotism! And are not the French Jacobins the original cause of all?"

"Perhaps so. But my resolutions are unstrung; I need retirement, and as yet can embrace no stirring enterprise. I shall seek some more distant and independent convent, that of Einsiedeln probably, for at least some weeks' repose."

"Hear me!" eagerly exclaimed the friar.

"Nay, holy friar, spare your breath and zeal. I owe it to my parent's memory. And now, I do think, the sight of one of our mountain mobs would, from remembrance of their cruelty, drive me to embrace the cause of the French. I will not accompany you to Schweitz."

"I cease to press upon you, knowing that in the young and noble, patriotism is a spirit not to be put down; moreover, it will not be the task of a day to stir even these mountaineers to vengeance. The French are wily, and affect to reverence the land of Tell.

Weekly do they send poison, in the shape of flattering addresses, to the Waldstette. But the fall of Bern is a wound that rankles in the breast of the proud Swiss, be it my task to keep it fresh and bleeding. Thee, youth, I will aid in thy project. At the first hamlet, or at our resting-place for the night, I will give thee a scrawl for the superior of the abbey of Einsiedeln, whither it is your purpose to go. Thy name alone indeed would make thee welcome, mine, however, yet more so; for we are leagued in zeal, that holy Abbot and myself. An anchoret of a month will find in Einsiedeln shrift and meditation for a life."

Eugene D'Erlach seized willingly the occasion of separating himself from the fiery monk, whom he had known in the Vaud, and whom he had since learned enough from Rosalie to dislike. In his present occupied and distressed state of mind, the causes of suspicion which he entertained, were vaguely

remembered, too vaguely to allow him to question the friar, or put his supposed necromancy to the proof. He accepted willingly nevertheless his recommendation to the abbot of Einsiedeln at the hamlet where the youth reposed. For the friar, he perceived, held firm his vow, and refused to take rest except in the sitting posture, which allowed his head to rest upon his chest.

As they occupied the same little apartment for the night, Eugene could not help regarding the singular instance of resolution and religious zeal. The sight even diverted his thoughts from his own griefs. The friar, wearied in the extreme, had sunk instantly to slumber, which both his restless thoughts and uneasy posture rendered not profound. Muttered syllables and sentences fell from his lips from time to time, such as the mingled nature of his profession and temper suggested, snatches of prayer and malediction, incitements to courage and action, commands of

secrecy, all the workings, in short, of an intriguing, fickle, mysterious spirit.

Eugene on the morrow parted with the friar, who pursued his way to Schweitz, whilst the youth, leaving that town on his left, struck into the wild regions of the Forest-canton on his way to Einsiedeln.

It was spring, the most perilous time of the year for traversing those Alpine regions, but this, with all the wild and wonderful that surrounded and oft obstructed his path, was productive but of delight and excitement to the young soldier. As he wandered through gloomy vales, from which the fir-forests rose covering the steep on either side, their dark surface streaked with brooding and sombre clouds, the spirit of his murdered parent seemed to hover near, to lament, to commune with him. In more smiling recesses, to which some sheltering steep gave a foretaste of the approaching summer, where the young leaf glistened, and the young rose had already

blown, the thoughts of Rosalie D'Humières would exchange a heavy for a lightsome sorrow. But when he trod the snows, and marked the avalanches fall around, their thundering echoes, the true clarion of that mountain land, awoke the soul of the youth to patriotism, and to a sense of the wrongs inflicted on his suffering country.

After some days' travel he arrived in the valley of Einsiedeln, before its abbey, founded so far back as the ninth century, the same to which the Emperor Henry the Second ceded all the lands of the Forest-cantons, of which, however, neither Abbot nor Emperor were ever able to make themselves possessors. "Here at least," thought D'Erlach, as he entered the retired and wild vale, "I shall not be disturbed by either the French or their proclamations." He entered the abbey, and in his simple quality of stranger was welcomed cordially by the brotherhood. The casual mention of his name too procured

him such a superabundance of attention and respect, so much more than at all ministered to his quiet, that he dreaded and forbore to deliver the friar's scrawl of recommendation, thinking that any further claim upon them could be responded to only by further torment.

He awaited therefore until he was near his departure to deliver it. The Abbot was by no means the meek and timid superior of Engelberg; he was, on the contrary, a dark, bold, macerated personage, worthy of heading a crusade by the side of Bernard himself. He seemed particularly anxious and inquisitive respecting the progress of the French, and he was incessant in his inquiries of Eugene respecting the fall of Bern, and the causes of such a catastrophe, which, as a true Swiss, he had as little expected as the end of the world itself. The youth thus found himself still in the torrent of political agitation, which he indeed did not now so much wonder at,

as how he could himself have hoped in any region of Switzerland, however remote, to have escaped it.

He abstracted himself from it as much as possible, listening, nevertheless, to every report that was daily brought by wayfarers and pilgrims from Schweitz.

That little, though renowned city, the cradle of Helvetic liberty, had with the little states around it, been flattered and satisfied with the project of General Brune to erect them into a separate republic, called, "of William Tell." When, however, the discontent of the rest of Switzerland, and subsequently that of the Directory, caused the plan of Brune to be rejected and himself recalled, a new Helvetic republic, *une et indivisible*, was proclaimed, and the cantons were ordered to send deputies to Arau, then occupied by the French, in order to debate and regulate, under the influence of foreign bayonets, the laws

and institutions necessary for the new republic. The Forest-cantons, though they had agreed to the project of Brune, felt insulted by, and averse to this. They dispatched deputies to Bern, who for all answer were refused passports, and bidden to return from whence they came. This was the opportunity sought for by Bernard and other zealous patriots, and the four cantons were soon in arms against the invaders.

Eugene D'Erlach in the retirement of Einsiedeln marked the progress of events, and became by the lapse of time more reconciled to his country's cause, or rather to the step of once more joining its rugged and ungrateful sons. He was witness of the zeal of the inhabitants around, all of whom, previous to setting forth for the gathering, came to beg some of its famed relics, which, he also perceived, were fabricated forthwith to meet the sudden demand. Indeed several secrets of a

similar kind daily revealed themselves to him, and rendered him less and less partial to his present abode.

He avoided the company of the brotherhood, and wandered alone in the wild regions that surrounded the abbey, or by twilight in its gardens, and within the space marked out for the labours of the lower order of its monks. In strolling here he happened upon a certain evening to penetrate, from hazard more than from design, into what was called the Abbot's garden, reserved for the private walk and meditation of the superior. D'Erlach entered it, finding the way open, struck by the peculiar beauty and trim order of the spot.

Traversing some of the paths, he encountered an individual, who started at his approach. Eugene craved pardon for his intrusion, and in French, which was more habitual to him, and came to his tongue in exclamation or sudden speech, sooner than his vernacular Swiss or German. Such was the effect of his

residence in France and his introduction at Versailles.

“Fly not, Sir, you who speak a tongue familiar to me.”

Eugene replied, that now aware that he had intruded, he intended to retire.

“By what way?”

“The gate into the monks’ garden.”

“It open,—why should I be here?” and the stranger quickened his pace, accompanied by D’Erlach, till they reached the portal, through which the latter had entered. It was now however shut, and firmly.

“You are decoyed, Sir,” said the stranger; “I can congratulate myself, though not you, on my acquiring a fellow-prisoner.”

“Impossible!” Yet D’Erlach, as he pronounced the word, regarded the walls around, which were of a height and fashion to forbid escape, and his astonishment scarce allowing him yet to question, he sought by his looks an explanation from his companion.

“It is for you to explain, I am a prisoner, and have been so for some time.”

“If I am so, it is beyond either my comprehension or explanation. My name is D’Erlach, and I have been for some days enjoying the hospitality of the monks of Einsiedeln.”

“And apparently are destined to enjoy it yet longer, and at the same time, which will be strange to you, the company of an old enemy.”

“I can distinguish your features, Sir, but neither they, nor yet your voice, strike my recollection. I am too young, and have made, I trust, too few foes, not to recognize them.”

We have met but through the mouths of others. Yet it is not so much you, as your name that I abhor, that of one of the chief tyrants of Bern, the oppressor of the Vaud.

“Cease then your enmity. Bern is fallen, and my father—”

“Also—Peace be with *his* ashes. Bern then

is no more, the proud cradle of aristocracy, and my native canton is free."

"As free as Bern, both free as foreign bayonets can render them. But who may be my enemy and companion?"

"With the tyranny shall perish the hate. My name is Levayer."

"I remember the patriot of Lausanne. But how came ye hither? I heard another fate—"

"No doubt. My friend Bernard, the Capucin, who conveyed me hither, was not without some speciously conceived tale to cover my disappearance. But of that I have heard. All other things have been kept from me most rigidly; know you aught of Louise Brœnner, the friend of Mademoiselle D'Humières, if Mademoiselle or D'Humières she yet be called?"

"Nothing. Even of Mademoiselle D'Humières little, save that she is in Bern."

This conversation was interrupted by the Abbot, who was somewhat surprised at be-

holding Levayer. "I did not think that this was your hour for exercise."

"I know it, good gaoler, but in your eagerness to entrap a new friend, you forgot your old one—as is the world's way—and left the passage of my corridor free. I then thought it was kindness."

"Return to your apartment," said the Abbot, who beckoned at the same time to two stout and cord-girt attendants, who were ready to see their superior's commands obeyed. Levayer retired, and the Abbot, quieting by his gestures the impatience of D'Erlach, motioned the youth to accompany him down the walk.

"Before I advance a step," said the young Swiss, "answer, good Abbot, am I a prisoner?" and D'Erlach laid his hand to his side, but there was no sword to grasp. It had been taken care of, ere he had left the refectory, and the youth had not missed it. The Abbot smiled.

"You have had a communication for me, young man, why was it not delivered?"

"From carelessness, since it seems I am in your power, from a desire to avoid you trouble."

"I should have thanked you for less consideration. It has excited our suspicions—"

"Of what, holy father."

"That you came to pry, that, in fact, *you* entertained suspicion—Besides, you a youth and a soldier lurking here, while the warriors of your country are in arms, it looks not well. We have reason to be cautious in these times."

"Then I too am a traitor?" said D'Erlach indignantly.

"We say not so."

"Why not say at once, holy father, that you seek a pretext to detain me, and for some hidden purpose, best known to you and to Bernard. 'Twere better to speak and inform me how I thwart your intents."

“In nothing now, except in having seen Levayer ; ’tis an unfortunate chance, but for which you had been free. Pardon my suspicions. The word of D’Erlach promising future silence, will suffice the Abbot of Einsiedeln.”

“He shall not have it. Since the Abbot of Einsiedeln has dared’ to detain me to be his prisoner, I will be so, and to his discomfiture. Prisoner, insooth ! this is the freedom you would have me be in arms for.”

“It is enough, Sir, anon you will be more willing to hear reason ;” saying which the Abbot departed, leaving Eugene to digest his indignation. The two attendants of the Abbot still watched his motions ; so in order to be delivered from them, he begged to be shewn to his place of confinement, which, save that the idea of confinement was attached to it, might have satisfied the most delicate or fastidious.

D’Erlach perplexed his brain to discover

the cause of the suspicion entertained against him. That he had seen and spoken with Levayer was certainly a sufficient reason for dreading his disclosures. But the previous cause, the grudge of Frère Bernard, was what he could not divine. Perhaps at the first mention which Eugene had made of his intention to visit Einsiedeln, the friar had feared the discovery of Levayer's concealment, had on that occasion proposed his scrawl of introduction, as he termed it, and, lest that should fail, had written to acquaint the Abbot that one interested for his prisoner (as he might well suppose the lover of the friend of Louise to be) was about to take up his abode for a time at the Abbey.

These last suspicions of D'Erlach were correct. The cause of his being first entrapped was what he now conjectured, his subsequent detention was owing simply to what the Abbot stated, and to the angry obstinacy of the youth himself.

He perceived in a short time, that his place

of confinement was not distant from that of Levayer, for he heard the young Vaudois, chaunting forth republican songs, which being in French, merely disturbed, or would have disturbed, had they been audible, by their noise and mirth the silent gravity of the brotherhood. As the vesper bell had ceased, and the evening chaunt of the religious choir began, D'Erlach could hear Levayer pour forth in rivalry, and not by any means to the youth's admiration, the following Hymn, so well known in those times.

Egalité douce et touchante,
 Sur qui reposent nos destins :
 C'est aujourd'hui que l'on te chante
 Parmi les jeux et les festins.

Tu vis tomber l'amas servile
 De titres fastueux et vains,
 Hochets d'un orgueil imbecille,
 Qui foulait aux pieds les humains.

Tu brisas des fers sacrilèges
 Des peuples tu conquis les droits ;
 Tu detrônas les privilèges ;
 Tu fis naître et regner les lois.

Seule idole d'un peuple libre,
 Trésor moins connu qu'adoré,

Les bords du Cephise et du Tibre
N'ont cheri que ton nom sacré.

Des guerrieres, des sages rustiques,
Conquerant leurs droits immortels,
Sur les montagnes Helvétiques
Ont posé tes premières autels.

Repands ta lumière infinie,
Astre brillant et bienfaiteur ;
Des rayons de la tyrannie
Tu detruis l'éclat imposteur.

Ils rentrent dans la nuit profonde
Devant tes rayons souverains ;
Par toi la terre est plus féconde,
Et tu rends les cieux plus sereins."

CHAPTER XV.

ROSALIE D'HUMIERES had in the mean time reached Paris under the protection of the ex-envoy, Mengaud, who, instead of the tyrant, had acted in every respect the amiable during the journey. There was something certainly not very successful in the attempt of the Jacobin *serrurier* to metamorphose himself into a gallant, in which moreover his years and experience served rather to counteract than assist him. The cunning too, which he had found to be the most necessary instrument in political intrigue, was in the present case put in play with a sinister effect. And it demanded days, many days, ere Rosalie could at first at

all comprehend, or even in comprehending credit, what the envoy wished her to believe and be flattered by. This placed Mengaud's amiability in even a more odious light than his petty tyranny, at least to Rosalie, who with no patient spirit endured this unexpected species of persecution.

In spite of all her sorrows, however, her loss of Prosper, separation from D'Erlach, the memory of what she had witnessed, and the prospect of what she might have to suffer, Rosalie experienced a pleasure, natural to every French-born, in approaching Paris. The condemnation to perpetual exile was at least taken off: the guillotine, whatever Mengaud might threaten, was no longer the punishment summarily inflicted for the crime of being noble, and an imprisonment in some convent established on republican and irreligious principles, so she imagined, would be the utmost severity she expected to fall upon her.

Mengaud, however, towards the conclusion

of their journey, threatened far more fearful things, degradation, penury, misery, and all their train of attendant sufferings, if she refused to accept the other alternative that he entreated her to choose. Poverty, however, was the least evil that Rosalie dreaded; and even had the worst of all been imminent, that death which Mengaud did not refrain from hinting, she would still no doubt have not hesitated in her choice. The envoy spent his words and wiles in vain, and as they drew near to Paris, Rosalie could perceive that he, who was the important Proconsul at Bern, shrunk in approaching his masters into the manners of citizenship and subservience.

After a day of suspense passed in the Rue Vaugirard, which situation Mengaud had chosen for its vicinity to the Luxembourg, and not distant from the Carmes, where the dreadful massacre of September was perpetrated, Mademoiselle D'Humières was informed that she was to be brought before the Directory.

The order filled her bosom with affright, and though conscious of no crime, she oft questioned herself as to what might be construed into the semblance of one. The very name of the Directory, those heads of the sanguinary Convention, was appalling to her. Since her return to Paris, the thoughts of the scenes which had occurred when she was last there, recurred forcibly and fearfully—the form of the gracious and kind Marie Antoinette haunted her imagination. The metropolis was other than she had conceived it—the absence of every friend, or the fate that had closed o’er all that should be so, made its thronged and noisy streets more dreary than a desert.

On the morrow she was summoned to attend. Mengaud conducted her, and at the same time another orphan of a noble emigré. As the carriage was admitted, not without scruple and until after a short parley (plots and conspiracies then daily assailing the Directory), within the portal of the Luxembourg,

Rosalie at the same time eyeing the terrific emblems and inscriptions of revolutionary authority, shuddered at all the horrors connected with their names. The word *Liberté* she construed robbery, and *Egalité*, massacre. They were ushered by the satellites of power along the corridor that now leads to the chamber of Peers. They did not mount however that magnificent staircase, but were conducted along the *rez-de-chaussée*, or ground-floor, to the low, petty, but magnificently furnished apartments, that had been fitted up for Queen Marie de Medicis. The revolution, which in its commencing furies respected this palace, the residence of Monsieur, after Louis the XVIIIth, then the most liberal of the royal brothers, had owing to this left untouched the memorials of Henry the Fourth's Queen. The pictures of Rubens, painted in her honour, and hung with the artist's own hand in this palace, were alone removed to where they still adorn the gallery of the Louvre.

There were present in the low-roofed cabinet, into which Rosalie was introduced, but two of the Directors, Rewbell and La Reveillere Lepaux. The former, who of the five had chiefly undertaken the management of Swiss affairs, was a sinister-looking personage, worthy of being the brother-in-law, as he happened to be, of Mengaud. La Reveillere had, on the contrary, in spite of a broken and humped back, and consequently contracted features, a benign expression of countenance. Perhaps his whim or affectation of being the founder of the new religion of the enlightened, of *Theo-philanthropy*, as he termed it, obliged him to assume the mien of the benevolence he preached. In despite, however, of both countenance and creed, La Reveillere, like the chiefs of most sects, *practised* persecution at the least, as he was at this time endeavouring with all his might to extinguish at once Catholicism and the Popedom, and excite his co-governors to some rigorous steps against the church.

The cause of Rosalie's being brought before the Directors at present was a wish on their part, similar to that formerly entertained by Brune, when he had summoned her before him. In both cases the intimate and adopted daughter of General D'Erlach was incapable of affording the desired information. In Brune's interrogatory, it was merely the private monies of D'Erlach, that were sought to be discovered. At present the object of inquiry was the place of *depôt* chosen in the Oberland, to which the Bernese council had conveyed a considerable part of their treasure, as well as of arms, ammunition, provision, and all the necessaries for war. The existence of such a *depôt* had alone been discovered by the French, but to ascertain its situation had as yet baffled all their inquiries and researches.

The questions of the Directors could however obtain no more intelligence from Rosalie, than had those of Brune and Mengaud. And as here, in truth, she was not likely to have

been informed of the secret, there was less anger on account of her ignorance.

“ Young woman,” at length said Rewbell, after his inquiry had ceased, “ I need not ask how you have been brought up. Ignorance, bigotry, and idleness, are, no doubt, the aristocratic portion left you. You must throw those off, in order to become the citizen of the great Republic. Liberty, and Equality, be that now your creed, instead of the nonsense you have hitherto been compelled to commit to memory ; and remember that love of liberty, like that of the Roman nation, can alone entitle you to give citizens to your country.” Poor Rosalie blushed, and was ready to sink into the earth at this coarse exhortation, which made part of the jargon of the times. And her blush called forth the anger of the revolutionist, who looked on modesty as one of the most signal crimes of an aristocrat.

“ Blush not, maiden,” continued the Director, “ at the duties of womanhood. But an-

swer, as it is our duty to provide you, whether you are willing to accept this honest citizen's offer, of him who stands by thy side, whose sister is at present the spouse of me, one of the supreme governors of the French Republic. Dost thou accept it, citizen?"

"No," replied Rosalie, with all the emphasis and disdain that she could express in her perplexity. And the ex-envoy smiled expressive of a vulgar proverb.

"Liberty is every one's right," said Rewbell, "what honest calling then do you make choice of?"

"Calling, Sir!" said Rosalie.

"Ay, calling, by which to earn your bread. You do not think the Republic is to support idle personages, whose high blood will not permit them to work."

"I need not the Republic's support. If I am permitted to seek out my friends—"

"Friends! friends! there is the cry of the helpless proud. Yet you will not accept an

honest republican friend, who proffers himself."

A shudder expressed Rosalie's disgust.

"There are no friends here, *citoyenne*, of royalists and anti-revolutionists. Are you too proud to work for your bread?"

"Not too proud, if it be necessity, Sir; nor yet if it be a punishment."

"It is both then. And to humble that pride, know that Louis Capet, the son of the great criminal Louis, on whom judgment was executed, and of her of Austria, the strumpet-queen—tear her fingers from her ears, brother Mengaud, she is contumacious—even that boy, whom thou wouldst call royal, was indentured to an honest shoemaker, and worked at his trade, as long as health permitted."

"Nay, brother-director," said La Reveillere, interfering, when he beheld Rosalie's extreme suffering, "we have more important concerns to regulate than a young woman's fate or calling. Let them be removed."

“Let them,” said Rewbell, satisfied with his lecture, “and do you, citizen Mengaud, see that these be properly placed.”

The sound of the Director’s voice, and the horrors which it uttered, long dwelt in the ears of Rosalie. And such was her detestation of Mengaud and his employers, that she was prepared to enter with joy upon any employment, which the envious hate of those rulers should assign her. The strength of this resolve was soon put to the proof, in her being assigned, or I may say, entered as an apprentice that evening in the shop of a seamstress, who lived not far from Mengaud’s quarters.

This life was new to the daughter of the Comte D’Humières; it was awkward, humiliating; it put her in the way of seeing and of hearing much that disgusted and shocked her. It was a bitter lesson, however, that she turned to profit. Misfortune endured in privacy, if it refines the spirit and endows it

with many virtues, confirms it at the same time in all that is intolerant and proud. It is when adversity not only forces us to sink beneath our accustomed level, but also to mingle with the class to which we have fallen, that it becomes fully beneficial, and communicates that equanimity and content, that absence of prejudice and pride, that seclusion, ever so much chastened by poverty, would but cherish and infix. Rosalie D'Humières experienced this, and her pure spirit was enabled to draw all its virtue from adversity, without being contaminated by what was base around her. A month had not past, ere the daughter of the noble emigré was content at her daily travail, at which enough care possessed her thoughts to preserve her from apathy and ennui, and to keep her hopes on the stretch for a more happy future.

In this species of durance poor Rosalie remained for some months, anxious respecting D'Erlach, from whom the receipt of no tidings

neither vexed nor surprised her—from an exile she could expect none. The silence of Prosper was more distressing. Could he, who had so suddenly found not only his sister, but his brotherly affection for her, have relapsed into his former indifference? Surely some exertions on his part might have discovered her prison or retreat, if indeed, as was not improbable, Mengaud had not refused every clue. She soon however obviated this by writing to the French army in Switzerland. But neither did this produce answer or effect.

She was in this state of sufferance and anxiety, when called upon during the course of the summer, to attend, in the duties of her humble calling, upon a lady, lately arrived in Paris, a lady of rank too, at least of such rank as France in those times acknowledged, when, like Turkey, *her* despotism knew no rank save of the despot's immediate creation. No dignity then existed, but that of an *employé*, or public functionary. It was in vain that

the pride of Rosalie endeavoured to evade the humiliating duty. She was on purpose selected for it: and accordingly she did wait upon the personage in question.

Rosalie found her as arrogant and as difficult to please, as any *parvenue* could possibly be. And she was perhaps the more so, as Rosalie lost all remembrance of her duty and new profession in regarding the not unlovely features of the lady, and allowed her thoughts to wander far wide of all the interesting mysteries of mantua-making. The regards too of the new comer were fixed profoundly on the form of *corsage*, and the shade of silk, not noticing the attendant nymph farther than asking a hundred rapid questions. Ninety-nine remained unanswered, and Rosalie's reply to the remaining one was so utterly irrelevant, as to call forth in sharp rebuke the voice of the young lady, who at the same time turned in impertinent wonderment her eyes on the object of her ire.

Poor Rosalie was in tears.

“ Good Heavens !” twice, thrice repeated, expressed the double, triple surprise of Louise Brœnner. She was the lady of rank. The reason this:—her father was appointed one of the deputies of the canton of the Vaud, dispatched to petition the Directory against some legislative hardship affecting the newly liberated canton. And to dissipate the still enduring sadness of Louise, the honest Vaudois had brought her with him to the great metropolis of fashion and revolutionary liberty.

Paris had already almost turned Louise’s head. Yet what seemed most likely to turn it altogether, viz. to behold the daughter of the Comte D’Humières in tears, and at the feet of her, a lady of consideration—had the contrary effect. It recalled all the simple goodness of her nature. *Airs*, impertinence, silks, and *corsages* were forgotten in a moment, and Louise embracing Rosalie, and even

blushing after at the boldness of her cordiality, mingled her tears with those of her ancient acquaintance.

I could no more paint their delight, than I could follow their multifarious conversation, their thick-coming questions asked again and again, and eagerly answered. Rosalie forgot her very trade, and more extraordinary still, the pretty *Suisse* forgot the *robes* and *garnitures*, that had almost superseded the idea of Levayer in her breast.

To add to their joy, Brœnner himself entered, the honest Brœnner, flushed and excited with the honour of having addressed the French Directory, and having been complimented by them in their high-flown answer. Importance certainly sate somewhat awkwardly on the round face of the deputy; but still his very awkwardness rendered his *bonhomme* the more conspicuous, and, as in such cases, made the beholder laugh, and at the same time love the object of his ridicule.

He was as touched at Rosalie's distress as Louise, and as rejoiced at finding her. And, as being now a man of business and importance, he was about to return instantly to the Directory, and demand the liberation of Mademoiselle D'Humières, just as if Paris was his native village, and Rewbell and Merlin his brothers of its municipal council. He was soon, however, made to comprehend the gravity and difficulty of the affair, and the necessity of taking more tardy and efficient steps.

Rosalie was obliged to return for the time to her humble occupation, to the distress of Louise and her father. Neither, however, lost sight of her a single day. The Deputy himself, in spite of the importance which the flattering speeches of the Directory had at first flung into his countenance, soon discovered that not only his private requests respecting Mademoiselle D'Humières were slighted or taken in ill part, but that the more serious reclamations that he

and his colleagues had been dispatched to make, met, in reality, despite their fine words, with as little attention from the Directory. In the former and minor endeavour, the malice of Mengaud counteracted his exertions, and Brœnner was compelled to have recourse to the interference of a more influential personage.

This he found in La Harpe, not the weak man of letters so named, but the famed tutor of the late Emperor of Russia and his brothers, who, a Swiss by birth, and deeply imbued with the love and principles of liberty, had chiefly contributed by his writings to the patriotic and revolutionary spirit of the Vaud, where, after quitting Russia, he had for a time taken up his abode. Colonel La Harpe was now in Paris, respected at least, if not possessed of power, and him Brœnner succeeded in interesting for the misfortunes of Mademoiselle D'Humières.

His generous exertions at length procured

the manumission of Rosalie, who immediately took up a more comfortable and dignified abode with her liberators, the Brœnners.

CHAPTER XVI.

EUGENE D'ERLACH had in the mean time, in concert with Levayer, made his escape from the Abbey of Ensiedeln, which, be it here anticipated, was visited not long after by the Vaudois patriot in company with a battalion of his French allies, when, Mazeppa-like, he took upon it all the vengeance of devastation.

It was in vain that D'Erlach, as he crossed the wild country toward Schweitz in company with his fellow fugitive, endeavoured to set aright the latter's mistaken patriotism, and to convince him of the unjust acts and selfish views of the French. But Levayer had been so deeply imbued with Gallicism, that he even

admired and enjoyed the disgraceful wiles of those, whom he considered as his countrymen, more especially as attended by success. The youths therefore parted, the one betaking himself in the first instance to Lausanne, not preferring to brave the enmity of Bernard at Schweitz, whilst D'Erlach directed his course towards that town.

He arrived in the very crisis of popular excitement. A general assembly had been convened, in which war had been resolved on. A committee had been framed for that purpose. Warriors flocked in from every canton, and Aloys Reding, the *landamman* of his canton, appointed chief of the little army, did all that the experience of a soldier, and the eloquence and energy of a patriot could effect. Neither was Bernard, nor Paul Styger, his brother, as capucin and zealot, idle. Relics and prophecies were distributed from their stores, more abundantly than even arms from those of Reding. The cross was set up as

the *labarum* of the righteous war; and the ecclesiastics, somewhat it must be confessed in the style of the Italian preacher, who attracted his audience from a neighbouring puppet-show with the assurance that the sign of Christianity which he held, was *il vero pulcinello*, asserted on their part that the crucifix was "*Der wahre Freiheits Baum*,"—"the veritable tree of liberty." What was singular too, the national colours were opposed in the present case to the same hostile colours worn by the house of Austria's followers during the time of their domination and oppression of Switzerland.*

Not only was war resolved on and declared by the little state against the most powerful nation in Europe, but offensive war. The plan of the Swiss was not to await the enemy, but to advance to his attack. The hallowed

* William Tell, says Zschokke, is always represented in ancient pictures as clad in the three Helvetic colours, green, red, and yellow; the bailiff Gessler, with his satellites, in red, blue, and white, the French tricolour.

standard was therefore pushed on, and the first feat of Swiss arms was the capture of Lucerne. Whilst, however, the troops of Schweitz were thus pursuing a victorious career westward, the tidings came that the enemy had advanced upon Schweitz itself from the north by Zug, and by both sides of the lake of Zurich. The Swiss had scarcely time to fly to this unexpected invasion of their enemies, and defend their own sacred cantons.

This narrative, however, must not be converted into the history of a campaign. And as the attacks of the French on the heroes of Schweitz were on many and distant points, any attempt at a general description of the fight would form no other than a bulletin. Suffice it to relate, that in one of the first days of May, if not upon the very first, D'Erlach stood amongst the bravest warriors of the Waldstette, who occupied the pass of Rothenthurm against the French. His old

enemy Schauenbourg was still the hostile leader; while the gallant Reding headed the little army of his country. The French had been hitherto victorious, had driven back the Swiss from all their advanced posts, those foremost and routed bodies all rallying, as they retreated, around the village of Rothenthurm, which Reding occupied with what might be technically called his reserve.

It was by no means an advantageous position, and the victorious French were descending upon it from commanding ground. Near it, crowning the summit of a rugged pile of rocks, was the high level of the famed field of Mergarten. There too another body of Swiss stood to oppose the enemy, and at the same time both combats engaged. The Swiss could not be made to await the near approach of the enemy. While these were at the distance of many hundred paces, and ere they had yet terminated the descent, which gave them

the advantage, the little band of Reding rushed to the encounter, received, without relaxing their speed, the fire of five times their numbers, and meeting them hand to hand, drove them up the mountain they had descended. The annals of war present not a nobler feat, nor one unfortunately so unproductive of aught save that of redeeming, even amidst the country's fall, the character of Swiss valour.

The mountaineers, however, retained for that night possession of the heights they had won. The position of Rothenthurm was never carried, nor abandoned, until the tidings of the troops of the cantons being overpowered in other quarters, rendered defence useless.

Eugene D'Erlach joined in this glorious combat, and little as it tended to promise final success, still it gladdened him, as healing the wounds of national vanity at least, if not those of national independence. I will not

again tarry to describe any individual traits of valour which my hero or others might have displayed. D'Erlach sought in vain for Prosper D'Humières amongst the French; he was even anxious to obtain a momentary parley with some of his foes, that he might learn was the brother of Rosalie still amongst them. The strife, however, grew too fierce and too full of animosity to permit him to enjoy any such opportunity. It was in one of these moments of his being in contact with the French troops, that a small body of Swiss pressed from behind to charge the enemy. They were evidently, from their speed and cries, of the most zealous combatants, and D'Erlach recognized at their head his friend Bernard. Their impetus succeeded in repelling the French a considerable number of paces, during which the foremost Swiss became mingled with those whom they impelled to retreat. And it was here that the inscrutable zeal of the friar Bernard was

doomed to be poured forth. He fell under more than a dozen blows of bayonet and sabre; his followers in their ardour passed on to the pursuit over the body of their holy leader, and D'Erlach stood by his side, deeming it vain to offer him assistance or support. One struggle the friar made, which was an attempt to re-erect the cross that had fallen with him, and his last breath was spent in the vain endeavour.

Word at length came to Reding, that the post of the Haggen Egg, which alone kept the French from Schweitz on the other side of it, was held by female combatants only, all the men had perished. In this extremity, Reding was necessitated to entreat an armistice of the French, and he dispatched D'Erlach to General Schauenbourg for that purpose. It was demanded to allow time for an assembly of the people of Schweitz to deliberate upon a capitulation. Schauenbourg granted the request of the little warlike army

whom he admired, and even added, that he was prepared to grant the most honourable terms. To young D'Erlach himself, whose gallantry Schauenbourg had now twice witnessed, and whose unjust robbery and persecution by Mengaud he bore in mind, the French General expressed himself in terms of admiration and friendship, that did not fail to make impression upon one for some time accustomed to the frown both of man and fortune.

The assembly of wounded and armed warriors met at Schweitz in fearful tumult and agitation. The very subject which they met to debate, that of submission to an enemy, was sufficient to inflame the multitude to frenzy. They all cried, that the only choice worthy of them was not to survive. And this undoubtedly would have been the final resolution of these brave men, had not the terms offered by Schauenbourg been mild and honourable in the extreme, and had not their

venerable curates and Reding recommended them submission. The terms were that they should accept the Helvetic constitution, that no Frenchman nor foreigner should enter their country, and that religion, persons, and property should be in every way respected.

On such conditions Schweitz submitted, and with her Switzerland. Schauenbourg immediately after, to evince his respect and admiration for its gallant defence, instantly withdrew his troops from the canton.

Whatever indignant feelings still rankled in the bosom of D'Erlach and of his brother Swiss, there was no longer hope or opportunity for bringing them into action. Switzerland was for the time no more. Neither courage nor patriotism could longer serve her. Nothing remained but patience, and the hope, that as their own modes of liberty and independence were not allowed to the Swiss, that at least

their regenerators would substitute somewhat of the kind, and thus fulfil in part their mighty promises.

As for Eugene himself, he felt that his private affairs could now alone occupy his interest and attentions. He first set about inquiring for Prosper; and Schauenbourg, who had expressed some friendship for him, informed D'Erlach, that through some machinations of Mengaud, he had been drafted from Switzerland elsewhere, and most probably to join the expedition to Egypt that had about that time set out under Bonaparte.

The endeavours of the youth to recover that part of his property, of which he had been despoiled, were equally unsuccessful. Nay, those who had possessed themselves of it were powerful enough to counteract all the generous efforts of the French general to procure a repeal of D'Erlach's exile. Monsieur *Rapinat*, a personage that boasted of his name and

its expressive signification, was the civil ruler at Bern; and he had tasted too deeply of the treasure of D'Erlach to permit the return of the Bernese general's heir.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE first use that Levayer made of his liberty was to hasten to his native town, where his re-appearance was looked on as little less than a miracle. When he explained, however, to his fellow-citizens and to those of Vevay, that he had been conveyed from his bed by the hands of a stout capucin, and transported to the mountains by no more magical conveyance,—neither winged chariot, nor griffin, but simply by a stalwarth monk, their astonishment was turned at first into anger at their own credulity, and straight into joy.

He too was delighted to see his best dreams

of liberty realized. He saw around its Tree, its ensigns, and the *Liberté et Patrie* of the independent Vaud inscribing every inscribable place—as indeed may be supposed, when even the old walls of the castle of Chillon, bearing the accumulated dinginess of many a dark century, was whitewashed in part, that it might display, as it yet does, the beloved legend. It was somewhat mortifying to him certainly to think, that in all this he had no part, and the fabric had been not only based, but raised without his aid.

The Brœnners were still absent from Vevay, but tidings did not fail to reach them at Paris, of the safety and the revival of Levayer. The latter would have hurried thither, if their immediate return had not been expected. The lover of Louise related to her by letter the mode of his compulsory disappearance, his subsequent confinement, and his release through the means of Eugene D'Erlach. Tidings of *her* lover, therefore, came to quiet

the anxieties of Rosalie D'Humières. She learned that although still exiled from his native canton, and from those occupied by or in amity with France, he still enjoyed liberty, not without hopes of an opportunity to defeat the malice of his enemies.

The persevering enmity of Mengaud, although foiled in the endeavour to retain Mademoiselle D'Humières in the durance of a disgraceful situation, still prevented her from quitting Paris and retiring to Vevay, as was their plan, with the Brœnners. This delayed them in Paris fruitlessly, till the impatience of Levayer led him to join them in that metropolis. His shrewdness was more calculated to succeed in an undertaking of this kind, than the blunt honest-heartedness of Brœnner. The Vaudois patriot, who for some months past had been shut up to his own reveries, throughout which his imagination had revelled in a kind of Swiss and French Utopia, was grievously disappointed on coming so suddenly into collision

with most unfanciful facts and most matter-of-fact personages; and on finding in lieu of liberty, patriotism, and public spirit, nothing save the coarsest tyranny, selfishness, and intrigue. He at first joined his endeavours to that of Deputy Brœnner, to interest the French rulers somewhat more deeply in the true happiness and independence of Switzerland, and he found them, like all upstarts, domineering, and therefore unwilling to quit the sceptre of despotism, which they had grasped—obstinate at the same time, and, like all stupid people, resolved, since they had no other, to display the talent of determination.

Though deaf, however, in their public capacity to the appeals of a true patriot, Levayer found means to bend them in favour of an individual oppressed, such as was the emigré's daughter. And they granted this demand, as soon as he sunk to it from higher and more important ones. It would be doing injustice to the patriotism of Levayer, to say that he

commenced hopelessly with the greater requests, in order the more certainly to obtain the lesser. In this way, however, he succeeded. And Levayer, the Brœnners, and Rosalie D'Humières, set forth on their return to the Canton of the Vaud, none regretting the metropolis of revolutionary power. Mademoiselle D'Humières had found there but fresh reasons to regret the brilliant and happy days of royalty—the Brœnners, at least the father, did not pretend to higher political principles than became the atmosphere of a small municipal council—the daughter indeed echoed the sentiments of her future husband, and these were now much subdued, far more moderate than those with which a twelve-month since he had declaimed against the tyranny of Bern.

Rosalie once more found repose in the solitude of Vevay: a stray tear to her father's memory, a sigh for the absence of Eugene, and the uncertainty of Prosper's fate or ways,

at times came to disturb her happiness, not however with any deep or hopeless affliction. She shared too the joy of Louise as her own; and that soon reached its height. A brother monk of the Frère Bernard disclosed whence the Cretin, who had replaced Levayer at his bridal, had been brought from. And the poor idiot, who had been superstitiously tended since that time, was removed to his native chalet in the neighbouring canton. The bell of Vevay's church once more tolled to the bridal, and the good folk that came to witness the ceremony were not disappointed. Nay, it was even more honoured than the last, for the French insisted on gracing it with a guard of honour; than which, be it said, no one thing could be more grating to the feelings of the young Swiss patriot. But it was now too late and impracticable to read a recantation of his Gallicism, and Levayer would not disturb the quiet of his *fête* by vain expostulation. All passed without disaster or in-

terruption, though many yet believed and foretold, that the necromancer of San Meurice, even dead as he was reported, would not allow the day to pass without displaying some act of his malice or his power. These were however disappointed. The friar slept his long sleep in the pass of Rothenthurm, and friends and enemies were alike delivered from his zeal.

D'Erlach had in the meantime taken refuge in Piedmont, where he was tolerated by the amiable man of letters, Ginguéne, who acted there as ambassador from the Directory. The impertinent arrogance and activity too of French envoys and emissaries had abated, since the tidings of the ill success of the expedition to Egypt had reached Europe. The oppressed powers of the East and North rose up upon the news. Austria prepared once more to invade Italy, and even Russia, it was asserted, purposed sending her troops to contend in the same regions.

Under cover of these rumours, which turned

the vigilance of the French to more important objects than watching individual exiles, Eugene D'Erlach passed the San Bernard, and crossing in disguise the Alps of the then democratized Savoy, he arrived at the little village of Meillerie on the borders of the Lemman. Every one knows it as the place of St. Preux's sufferings, as the scene of his passionate recollections. Too few years had then elapsed indeed since the time of Rousseau, to make it a wonder that the scene remained the same. Still it was a pleasure to observe its identity—the little *plateau*, on which the lovers stood, the torrent of melting snows, that *chariait avec bruit*, as says St. Preux, its charge of sand and pebbles, the dark pines that overhang one side of the situation, and the oak-grove that skirts the other. Eugene was not St. Preux, neither in the force of his sentiments nor the unhappiness of his passion:—the feelings of the world and the fortunes of life had been originally and were

still blended with his affections—they checked his enthusiasm, without, however, corrupting its purity or strength.

D'Erlach ventured over the lake to Vevay, although as one known there during the Bernese domination, and moreover not loved in name or person by the inhabitants, it was hazardous. He saw, and once more embraced his betrothed. Disaster had humbled him also; nor did either Eugene or Rosalie feel, as they would have felt a twelve-month previous, that it was condescension in them to be happy in the humble mansion of the *bourgeois* Brœnner. These visits of Eugene, were, however, as prudence commanded, of short duration, and made but at intervals. To have proceeded to a union would have been impossible then, and as impossible almost and impracticable to effect it elsewhere, so extended was the colossus of French power or French influence. Thus in suspense, that purgatory of love, did they remain many

months, waiting for circumstances, which, big as they appeared, and mighty as they portended, were still months and months in unfolding themselves and finally taking place.

During that period many events occurred that will ever fill a conspicuous and interesting place in history:—amongst these the insurrection of the little country of Nidwalden against the French, its long and successful resistance against Schauenbourg and his numbers, and the final defeat and massacre of its whole population by the exasperated soldiers of that leader, form a subject, than which none more pitiable ever drew tears from the reader of romance. The gathering too of the orphans of the désert valley by the celebrated Pestalozzi, might not be forgotten, and his benevolent experiment upon them of his system of education, which has proved so beneficial since to Switzerland. But this, with all the minor though numerous insurrections that burst forth in Switzerland during

the reverses of the French, had no effect on the fortunes of either Rosalie or Eugene.

Whilst the countries on both sides, both to the north and south of Switzerland, saw the French armies fly before their enemies—while Jourdan retired in defeat upon the Rhine after the battle of Stochach from the arch-duke Charles, and Scheren retreated before the Russians and Austrians in Italy, Massena still held his ground and pushed his conquests amongst the Alps. Even the Grisons, which had not before acknowledged French supremacy, or that of their sub-directories, were subdued by the arms of Massena, and compelled to undergo real dependence, though accompanied with clubs and popular assemblies, and all the free phenomena of Jacobinism.

The firm and bold position of the French commander in Switzerland, however, drew upon him those chivalrous defenders of ancient monarchy, the Russians. Leaving the

already reaped laurels of Italy to be gathered by his Austrian allies, Suwarrow chose the path and the post of peril, and crossed the St. Gothard with his army in order to drive Massena from amongst the Alps. But here the hitherto invincible Suwarrow met with a rival worthy of his troops. After a campaign, the horrors and feats of which are far indeed beyond any that preceded or followed, the Russian was defeated in the battle of Zurich, and abandoned Switzerland in a pique, worthy of his fiery character. It was in this action, or rather the occupation of Zurich consequent upon it, that the celebrated Lavater, who inhabited that town, received his death-wound from a French soldier.

The moment that Switzerland, freed from one contending army at least by the victory of Massena, began to breathe after the horrors of war, it was pressed upon by the rival horrors of anarchy and oppression. There were no terms nor moderation in the rapine, the contri-

butions demanded. Some members of the French Directory, Rewbell amongst others, had been turned out by intrigue, and were succeeded by others. It was necessary for Switzerland to imitate not only the form of their parent government, but to suffer the same convulsions also. An analogous change in the Helvetic Directory instantly took place. And miserable intrigues were commenced and carried on between Swiss, who struggled each to hold the first place in the mock-government that sanctioned the country's slavery. Amongst these La Harpe, to the disgrace of his formerly fair name, played a conspicuous part. For a long time, at least comparatively long with the short prizes of power held in those days, he was Supreme Director. Often then did it occur to Levayer, that his interest might serve D'Erlach. But the Vandois patriot scorned to ask it, to approach, or far less to be indebted to one, whom now every true Swiss must despise. The little knot

of friends suffered on in honesty, awaiting and still awaiting the fuller *denouement* of events.

The first circumstance that promised a change was the sudden and unexpected return of Bonaparte from Egypt, accompanied by some of his officers. This was followed by the overthrow of the Directory, and the transference of the supreme power into the hands of Bonaparte, as First Consul. He no sooner felt the reins of government in his hands, than he felt the necessity of securing them by fresh victories. The routed bands of Italy were gathered at Lyons; and the Austrians were preparing to oppose their descent into Piedmont by the Mount Cenis. The French commander had even bolder views: he resolved not only to combat the Imperialists, but to cut off all retreat for them in case of defeat, by coming in their rear. It was a lion-like resolution, the success of which

could not fail to bring Austria to instant submission.

The French troops accordingly, instead of taking the direct road to Italy over the Mount Cenis, marched into Switzerland, to Geneva, round the Lemman, and up the valley of the Rhone, where they crossed the chain of the Alps by different passes; Macdonald by the Splugon, another general by the Simplon, and Bonaparte himself with the greater body of his troops by the San Bernard—the very conception of crossing which with artillery bespeaks the audacity of the hero.

In despite of the sufferings of Switzerland from French alliance and domination, still the troops of Bonaparte were welcomed as they passed through the territories of Geneva and the Vaud. Past ills were attributed to the Directory more than to the nation, and in the First Consul they beheld the destroyer of

that hated Directory. Moreover his affable behaviour in the Vaud, when he last passed, was not forgotten. And the daring enterprise on which the little army was bent, procured for them the sentiments of friendship and admiration.

Such were the feelings with which the inhabitants of Lausanne, Vevay, and other towns on the Lemane, came forth to mark the battalions of the French, as they marched along the brink of the lake. In addition to these Rosalie had others, for her eye sought her brother Prosper in their ranks, deeming it true what Schauenbourg had informed Eugene, that he had been in the expedition to Egypt, and hoping that he was of those few who had returned with their general.

He was so. Rosalie was right both in her hopes and conjectures; although her regards sought in vain to recognise the object of her search. The sun, and sands, and hard-

ships of Egypt had much embrowned and orientalized the soldier's countenance, whilst his gallantry had effected as great an alteration in his external garb. The *galons* of the corporal had long disappeared; and the solitary epaulette of the lieutenant was already balanced by another on the opposite shoulder. Moreover it was not in the brilliant group of the General's staff, that Mademoiselle D'Humières sought her brother. And there in truth he was to be found, not only his soldier-like qualities, but his noble birth and name having recommended him to the embryo-emperor, who already began to display imperial propensities, a love of rank, a respect for title and aristocracy, and for all the *faste*, to which his oriental sojourn must have increased the tendency.

Prosper D'Humières, however, or the Comte D'Humières, as he already began to name himself, feeling that the revolution and its prohibitions were fast passing away, had made

sufficient inquiries in Paris respecting his sister, to enable him to direct his steps, when at Vevay, at once to the house of the Brœnners. There he found Rosalie.

The good Brœnners, and even Levayer's self, were somewhat abashed at the multitude and magnificence of the soldier's trappings, but his frankness did not fail instantly to set them at their ease. Rosalie overwhelmed him with questions, but he deferred answering any till his return from Italy. He had vowed, he said, like a true pilgrim, never to recount feat, while the Austrians were on this side the Mincio. Eugene was still in the Chablais; and Prôspér assured Rosalie, that his influence with the First Consul was fully sufficient to restore the young Bernese not only to his country but his fortune. At the present moment, however, every thought and interest was directed towards the approaching campaign, and to distract by a request

foreign to it, would be impertinent and selfish.

The stay of Prosper was but that of a short evening. The warriors hurried on, and Rosalie was left to hope, that the cause of republican France, which she had never before favoured, might now at least meet with success. In the general distraction and suspense, D'Erlach once more betook himself to Vevay, that he might join his hopes and fears with those of his friends. As the young Swiss saw the rear of the gallant troops marching in haste to join their comrades, and heard the rattling of their cars and ammunition, his inaction filled him with regret and impatience:—but there was neither side on which he could combat with ardour or honour. He was without country or cause, dependent for happiness and existence on the success of his ancient enemies. For some days the cannon was heard to resound amongst the

Alps, occasioned by the resistance of the little fort of Barde, at the foot of the San Bernard. Soon, however, no sounds save rumours reached them, and these were more of evil than of good fortune.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To conjectures and reports at length succeeded certainty. The Austrians were defeated on the plains of Marengo, and it was then that the consequence of General Bonaparte's bold manœuvre became evident, when the loss of that single action proved decisive. The Austrian surrendered not only his army, but all of Italy that he had conquered. And one day's generalship repaired the disasters of the First Consul's absence. Rising Europe fell back, intimidated by the signal success; and every conquered country submitted to its fate, or looked for better days from the wisdom and clemency of the conqueror.

After enjoying some days' triumph at Milan, the First Consul with his principal officers returned to Paris, to perfect in the cabinet the supremacy which he had well won in the field. The Comte D'Humières returned immediately to Vevay. And his first communication to Eugene D'Erlach was a permission from the Consul for him to return to France or to his native city. The condition, on which this was granted, rendered the pardon still sweeter. It was secret, and enjoined him to pursue and accuse with what virulence he pleased, those agents of the overturned Directory, who had despoiled him. These means, amongst others, Bonaparte used to vilify the government that he had superseded; and, though himself entertaining no objection to plunder, he bore a grudge to those who had preceded him but too largely in that field, and who had left him but a scanty harvest.

Prosper engaged the Brœnners and Levayer to accompany Rosalie to Paris, where he as-

sented it was necessary that she should be present. And as it was thought advisable in the Vaud to send another deputation to Paris, in hopes that it would be more successful with its generous warrior than with cold-blooded politicians, Levayer found himself able to join public duty with his inclination. Once more, therefore, though under very different auspices than formerly, Rosalie found herself turned towards Paris.

Eugene D'Erlach betook himself to Bern, where he found Rapinat trembling for his throne of extortion, or rather for all that he had amassed beneath it. The arrogance of his tone was changed, since the change of his masters, and he proved so ready to make restitution of all that was restorable, that D'Erlach felt it almost impossible to put in practice with respect to him the secret commands of the First Consul. He took possession of his mansion and property, not only exhausted, like those of his brother citizens, by rapine,

but by the enormous contributions that had been, and were still levied on the property of the patrician families. During his arrangement and the renewal of his connexions with the kindred families of his native city, Eugene was enabled to collect a mass of evidence inculpatory of Mengaud for every species of injustice and extortion, that he hoped in the pursuit of him at least to punish his own and his country's enemy, at the same time that he obeyed the injunctions of the ruler, who had befriended him.

Prosper in the mean time was exerting himself in a similar manner, though without either the same right or the same hope of success, to recover Humières. The mansion in the Rue St. Dominique had fortunately escaped confiscation, having been overlooked amidst the multitude of forfeited property, and abandoned, like indeed all the palaces of that patrician street, to their ancient *concierges* or

Suisses, though they no longer dared to call themselves by the latter name. Rosalie therefore had the delight of welcoming her protectors to her mansion, in return for having been so long sheltered in theirs.

It was the paternal property of Humières, that was the great object to recover. Prosper in the first instance betook himself to the citizen Delposte, who seemed an honest timid man of business, retired in wealth from his trade of locksmith. When questioned respecting the property, which he had bought at the national sale, he declared at once that he had got rid of the old place, and its desert acres, which he should have feared to inhabit, he asserted, even if it were walled with iron.

“To whom had he disposed of it?”

“To citizen Mengaud, who had taken a peculiar fancy for the property.”

“’Tis to be hoped you were paid little?”

“A strange hope, Sir—why?”

“Since you will have to refund.”

“As how, Sir? The property is as firm as the revolution.”

“Perhaps so. But not the less worthless. Humières was sold as the property of an emigré. I am the proprietor, I can prove I never emigrated.”

This, though not true as well as true, being the one in justice and reality, but the other in revolutionary law, was sufficient to frighten the purchaser, who still however waived the question, by saying that it concerned Mengaud, the present possessor, and not him.

Prosper now looked upon the loss as irretrievable. Mengaud had evidently acquired possession from the enmity to the individuals of the family. He was too cunning and too versed in revolutionary laws and ways to be terrified from his hold, and any compromise with such a character, so disposed, was impracticable.

The Comte D'Humières nevertheless made some attempts, though without hope to bring

Mengaud to understanding. He saw the ex-envoy, and found him mild and malicious, and like a serpent coiled up in deceit. Neither he nor Prosper had forgotten their last interview, and for this once Mengaud took especial care, even though reduced to a private capacity, not to be alone. Prosper smiled at his precautions, and Mengaud replied by another, applause of his own prudence.

“I have to return you thanks, citizen Mengaud,” said Prosper, “for the care you took of my fortune after we last met. To take me out of your way, you threw me into that of promotion, and I sincerely thank you for both.”

“Glad it has turned out so, citizen Count or Colonel. All was done with a view to serve the Republic.”

“It has served me, which touches me more. All I hope is, that it was in the same spirit of benevolence towards me, that you lately purchased my property.”

“You mean Humières, Sir.”

“The same.”

“With the most benevolent purpose, Sir, if you so will it.”

“How?”

“I repeat my words. And with the same confidence re-declare to the officer of rank, what I before said to the lieutenant, hoping at the same time that years may have abated his propensity to choler.”

“I admire, citizen, your constancy and courage, but as the lady has declared her resolution to prefer the son of the late General D'Erlach to thee, I see not on what hope you can pretend to recur to such declarations.”

“No doubt, the restoration of Humières to the family is a trifling consideration, speedily overlooked.”

“I am prepared to give you double what you paid for it.”

“Suppose it at the same time worth fifty times that sum.”

“And without any fair title for it.”

“My title is the revolution and its contracts.”

“Can we not then in any way arrange the affair *à l’aimable*?”

“In none, except in the way I propose.”

“And that no doubt is an *aimable* way, but at the same time not agreeable to the parties. So we must trust to fortune to arrange for us in some more feasible manner.”

“’Tis not in fortune’s power, I tell thee.”

“Nay, now you blaspheme the very goddess of our beloved revolution. Hark! a knock—’tis a *huissier* of hers, or I am no prophet.”

The door opened at the moment, and most singular did it appear both to Mengaud and the Comte, when they beheld, that in verity it was a *huissier* or officer, not exactly of fortune, but of him who was next akin to her, of the First Consul.

He advanced, put a paper into the hand of the ex-envoy, and immediately retired. Mengaud opened what seemed the contrary of a *billet-*

doux, and paler grew his pale cheek upon the reading.

“What, in the name of magic,” muttered Prosper, “can have come hither to befriend me?” His eye at the same time discovering that the paper was a printed one, of such form and fashion, as the law professors of all countries love to shape their correspondence.

“I am beset,” said Mengaud. “Malice is always too powerful for the honest patriot, and serving one’s country is a task that always brings ruin on the fool that undertakes it.”

“When undertaken in certain ways,” added D’Humières.

“Ay, Sir, sneer. You are at the bottom of this; the contriver, the enemy, the accuser.”

“Oh! ’tis then an accusation, Master Mengaud.”

“Most truly, Sir, a summons before the Five Hundred, to answer accusations of peculation, fraud, injustice, rapine—a string of them, you see—”

“ I see,” replied Prosper, with a smile.

“ And the accuser, Sir, your friend, and your sister’s friend, that wandering exile and traitor, the son of D’Erlach, the aristocrat. Yet you feigned ignorance of it ?”

“ The word of a soldier, I knew not of it !”

“ How then prophesy the appearance of an *huissier* ?”

“ The prophecy of *gaiété de cœur*, which is a kind of inspiration, that I have before seen to pierce the future.”

The ex-envoy paced the room in considerable agitation, of which Prosper now began to expect a more favourable term.

“ Perhaps,” said the Comte after a time, “ there is now some mode of arranging the affair without alluding to Mademoiselle D’Humières.”

“ Perhaps so, indeed,” replied Mengaud with not the most complacent of grins. “ Your *huissier* was no contemptible contrivance. Can you recall this threat, Sir ?”

"I think I might take upon myself to promise so to do."

"Then take Humières, and begone."

"Humières—why 'tis not the tenth part of what yon paper would make thee disgorge—And the blood spilt, the despair caused, the——"

"Peace, Sir, I would rather to the *Cinq Cents*, than listen to more of your reproaches.—Here, here are the papers, the titles of your estate; write me your promise, and begone."

"Well, to be rid of thee, citizen. Although thou deservest another punishment."

"Write—the giving this up, and with it a dearer hope—"

"Out upon your sentiment!"

"Is deeper punishment than either thy dragoon tongue or sabre could inflict."

"To the pleasure of seeing you again," said Prosper, retiring from his successful mission with the customary parting salutation.

“To the pleasure,” replied Mengaud, sinking in his *fauteuil*.

Prosper returned in joy to the Rue St. Dominique: Eugene was there. On his arrival he had lost no time in laying his information before the First Consul, and the immediate consequence was the summons sent to Mengaud, which arrived so magically *à propos* for the success of Prosper’s interview. Mutually did the friends wish each other happiness, and embraced. The next step was to keep Prosper’s promise to Mengaud, for Eugene declared it was beyond his power. The Comte D’Humières, however, by a frank disclosure of all the circumstances to the First Consul, by enduring patiently through the storm of fiery temper that agitated Bonaparte on seeing a victim, and a just victim, escape him, succeeded in procuring from him the oblivion of all Mengaud’s crimes and injustice, at least as far as D’Erlach and his evidence were concerned. The ex-envoy was rendered more happy than he deserved,

but pain is apparently so often scattered with an indiscriminating hand, that to restore the balance, happiness must be allowed sometimes to fall upon the undeserving.

Eugene D'Erlach received Rosalie's hand at the Hotel de Ville, and from thence, with Prosper and the Brœnners, they betook themselves to Humières immediately, in order to be united more secretly and sacredly by the poor Curé of the village, who performed that aristocratic and forbidden ceremony. The enlightened French, even of the present day, would call this prejudice and bigotry. It may be, though I do not believe it so. Whatever it be in life, the old rule must certainly hold in romance, where heroes and heroines could never, I fear, be united to the satisfaction of the reader, if but yoked in the *civil contract*.

Rosalie D'Humières could scarcely recognize the house of her fathers, so waste, so ruined was its every feature. And although a French chateau is that which would either

defy or ally best with ruin, so solid and unornamented is it, except with the durable ornaments of terraces and ditches, and broad alleys opened through woods, yet even there ruin was conspicuous. The never-opened *jalousies* crumbled from the windows—the *fosse* was green with accumulated weeds—grass had usurped the immense lawn of pavement, if I may use the expression, and indeed so far was an improvement. The interior had suffered most, broken furniture and half-burned family-pictures remained to attest the devastation; the roof and walls, however, of the honest architects of the preceding centuries were indestructible, and the former still displayed, without a single mark either of decay or repair, the date of 1664 in coloured slates upon its surface.

If however the *chateau* had gone to ruin, the cottages and the village around had undergone improvement in inverse proportion. The wretched hovels and ragged inhabitants of old

times had grown into the comfortable and well clad. Independence sate upon every countenance, and if joined with a rudeness of manner, perhaps a total want of the ancient and proverbial courtesy, it was merely in the manner, for the distressed found them as hospitable, and their superiors more trust-worthy than before. These ameliorations, which Levayer took care to point out, his aristocratic friends welcomed and acknowledged. Prosper looked on his estate no longer with the eye of a feudal possessor, but as the retired warrior and citizen. He withdrew to it as much as possible from the new court that sprung up in Paris. And though his sword has since been drawn for his country, the veteran still inhabits Humières, beloved and respected by all parties, by the royalists as one of their caste, by the people as one of their heroes who has enhanced the national fame.

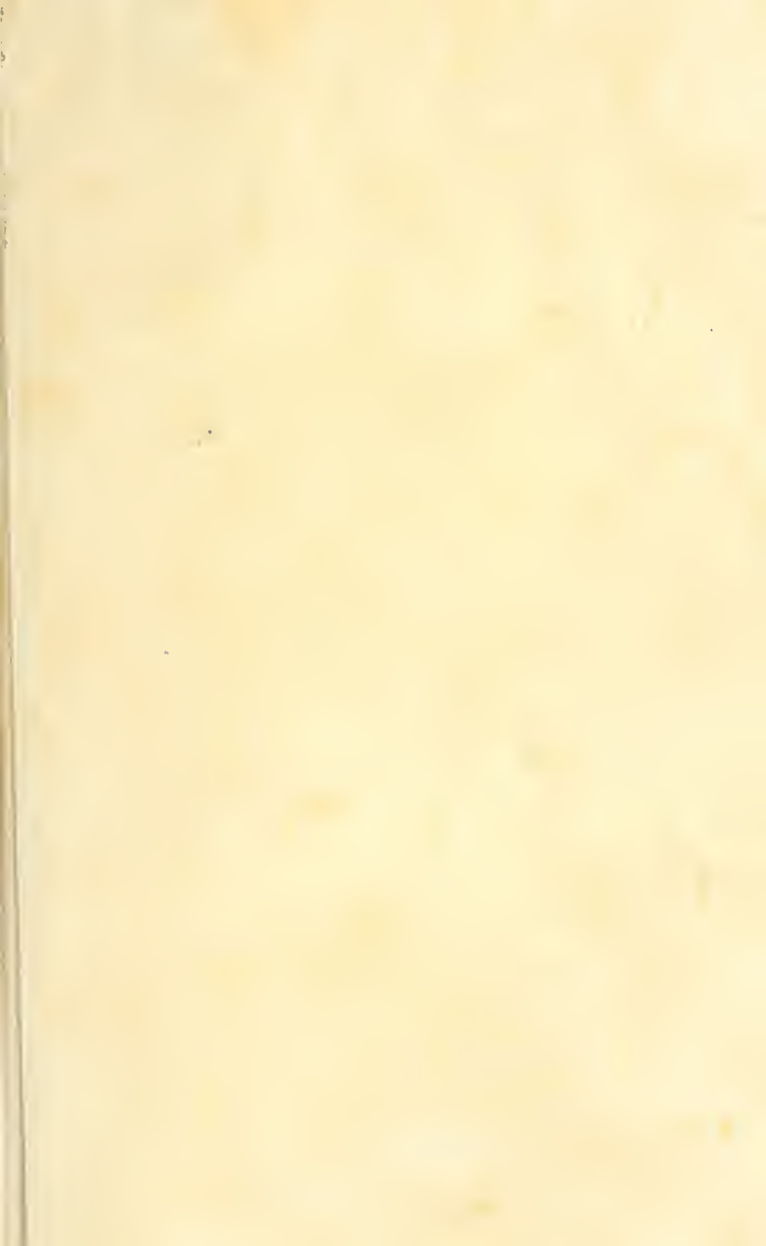
D'Erlach and Rosalie spent the early years of their marriage altogether at Humières. Sub-

sequent to 1815, and the restoration of Swiss liberty, they visited Bern with the intention of settling there. But the habits of both had taken root in France, and they still reside with Prosper in the chateau of Humières.

END OF THE FALL OF BERN, AND OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.







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